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ISSUE 1

inHeat™

PREMIERE ISSUE!

Chuck Roy's

SEX MACHINES

'INITIATION'

a true story by

Jack Wrangler

Marc Stevens

George Payne

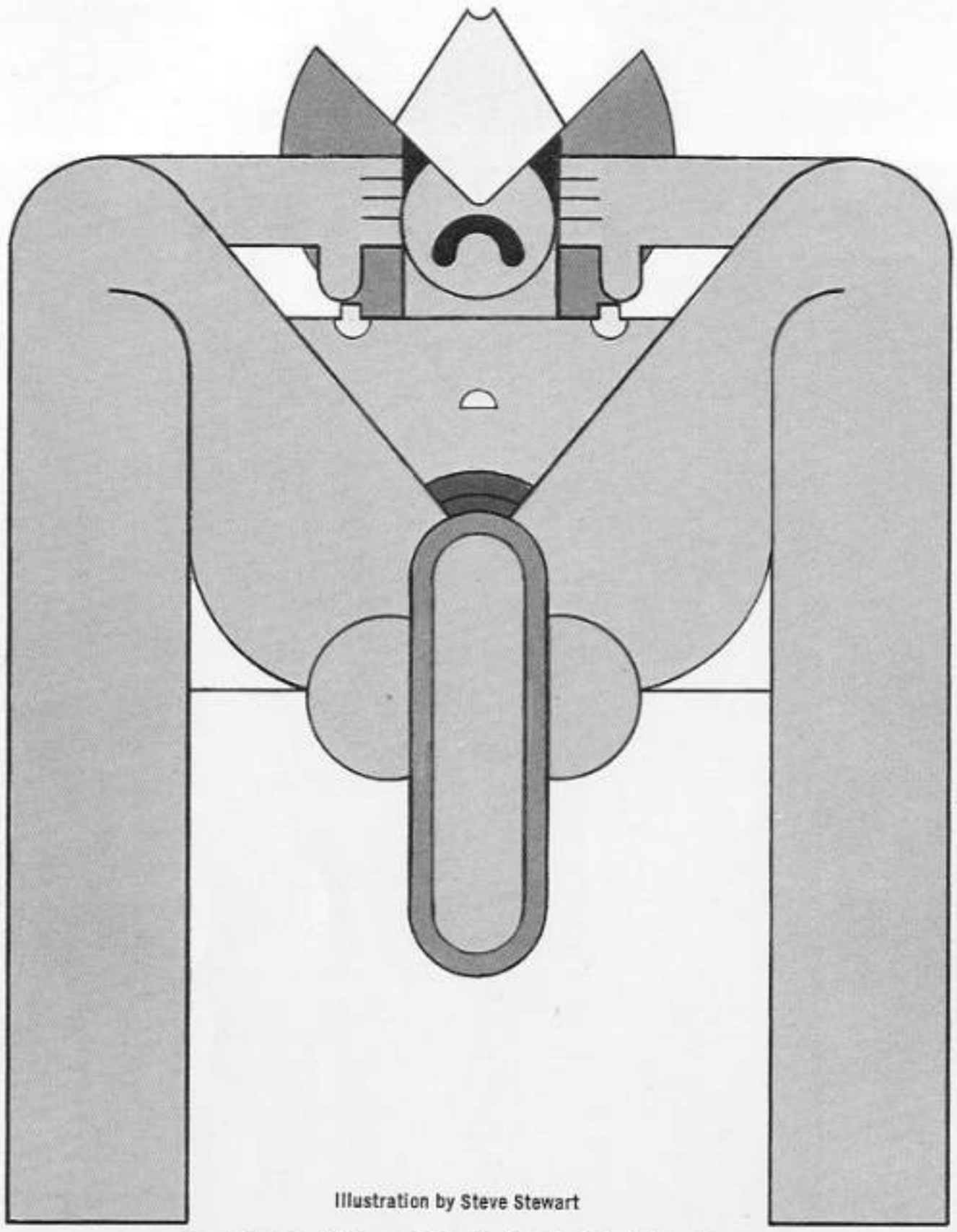
John Holmes

16 THROBBING COLOR PAGES

Erotic Art

Hot Fiction

Photos From Private Files



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EDITORIAL

Talk about HOT! We've got lots of goodies in this premiere issue of *IN HEAT* to keep you fluffed until the next one's out. We think there's no other magazine for you quite like *IN HEAT*, and we think you'll agree.

If you don't pop your load over Hy Chase's "Boiler Room" shooting, then get a load of a "Dancer" who obviously puts himself into the swing of things, or a beautifully erotic view of "Lovers" on our cover and between these sheets. As if that isn't enough, Richard Sullivan has photographed "Spit" and its obvious use, and we serve up an artist who dips his own tool into the paint and make things beautiful.

If you like art, then you'll want to take a look at Eric's "Cock Art," or our centerfold by David Eastman, of *Spartacus Gay Guide* fame.

For creaming in one's jeans, try hot fiction in the heat of the nite. Like John Jack Baylin's "Workout" — about a college athlete who has a very hot jock. And it's only Part 1! Porn superstar Jack Wrangler's personal reminiscence of joining the swim team, "Initiation" is almost too much to believe, but knowing Wrangler as we do, we believe it!

And if you're still UP to it, see our profiles on people like "Mr. 10½" himself, Marc Stevens, and hot George Payne — and their views on bisexuality. Or the king himself, John Holmes, veteran of straight porn, giving his first exclusive interview to a gay publication. And there's Chuck Roy and his traveling flesh show, "Sex Machines", which just might be playing your hometown when you read this. They all open up to us.

Or how about our paen to "Balls" — the true confessions of a gonadophile. And reviews of hot movies and books.

Stick around. This is only the beginning. Get *IN HEAT* hot off the press.

In Heat
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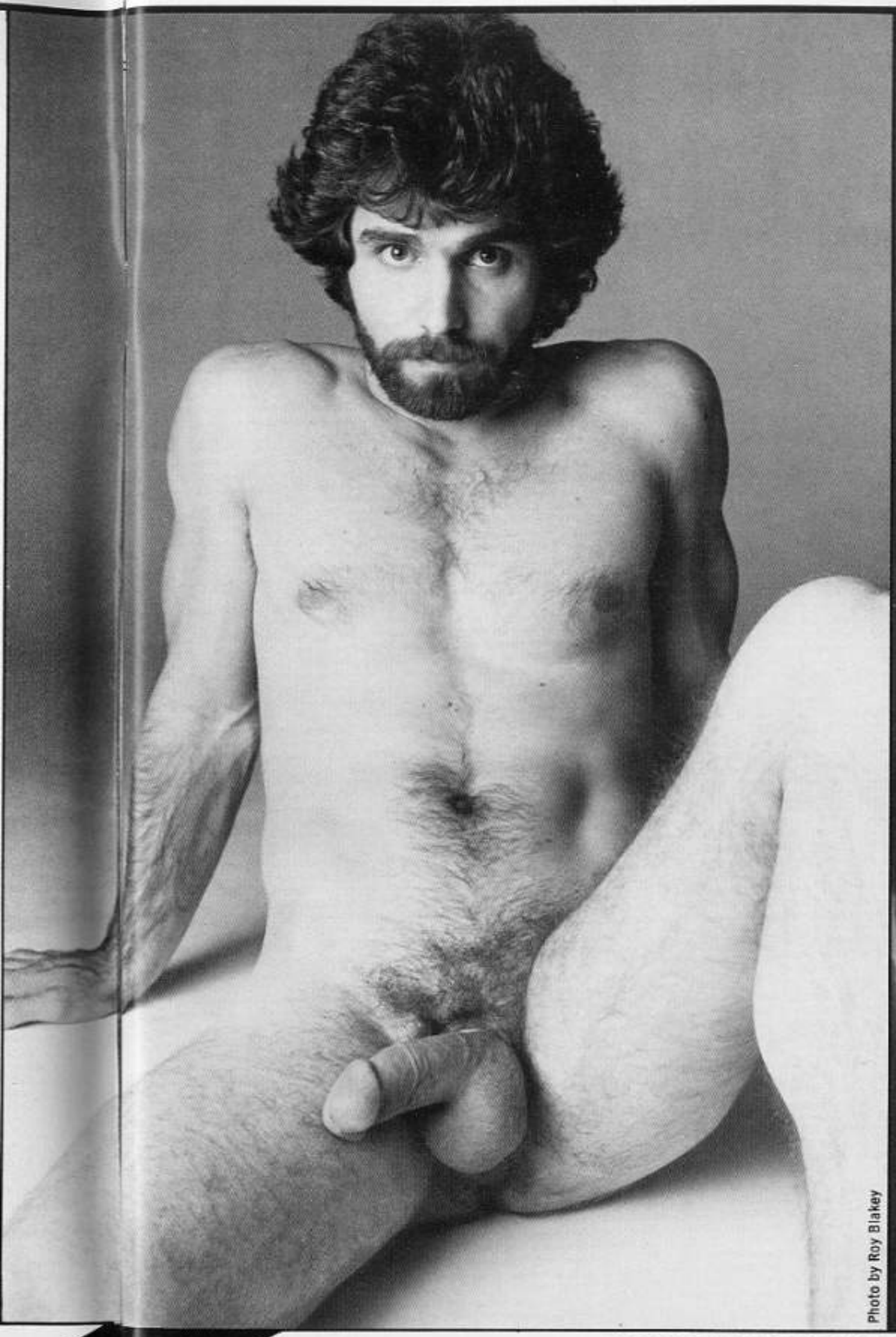
ISSUE 1



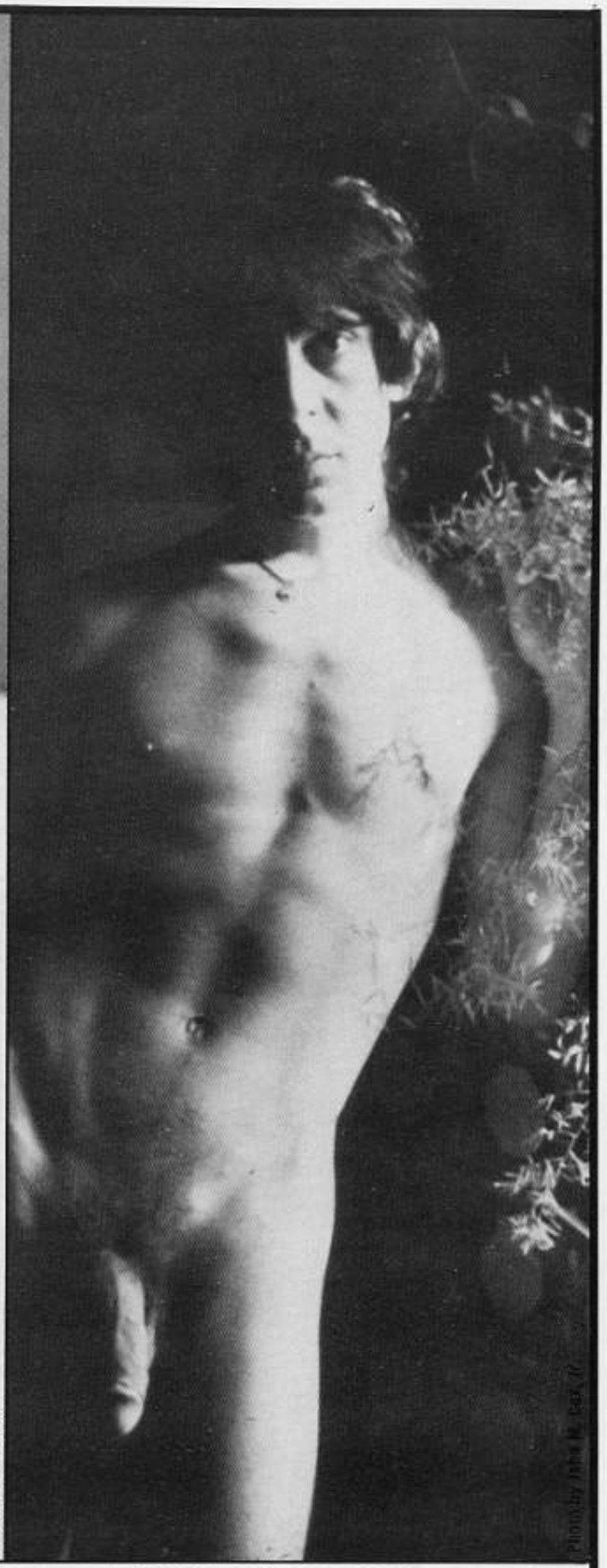


Photo by Roy Blakey

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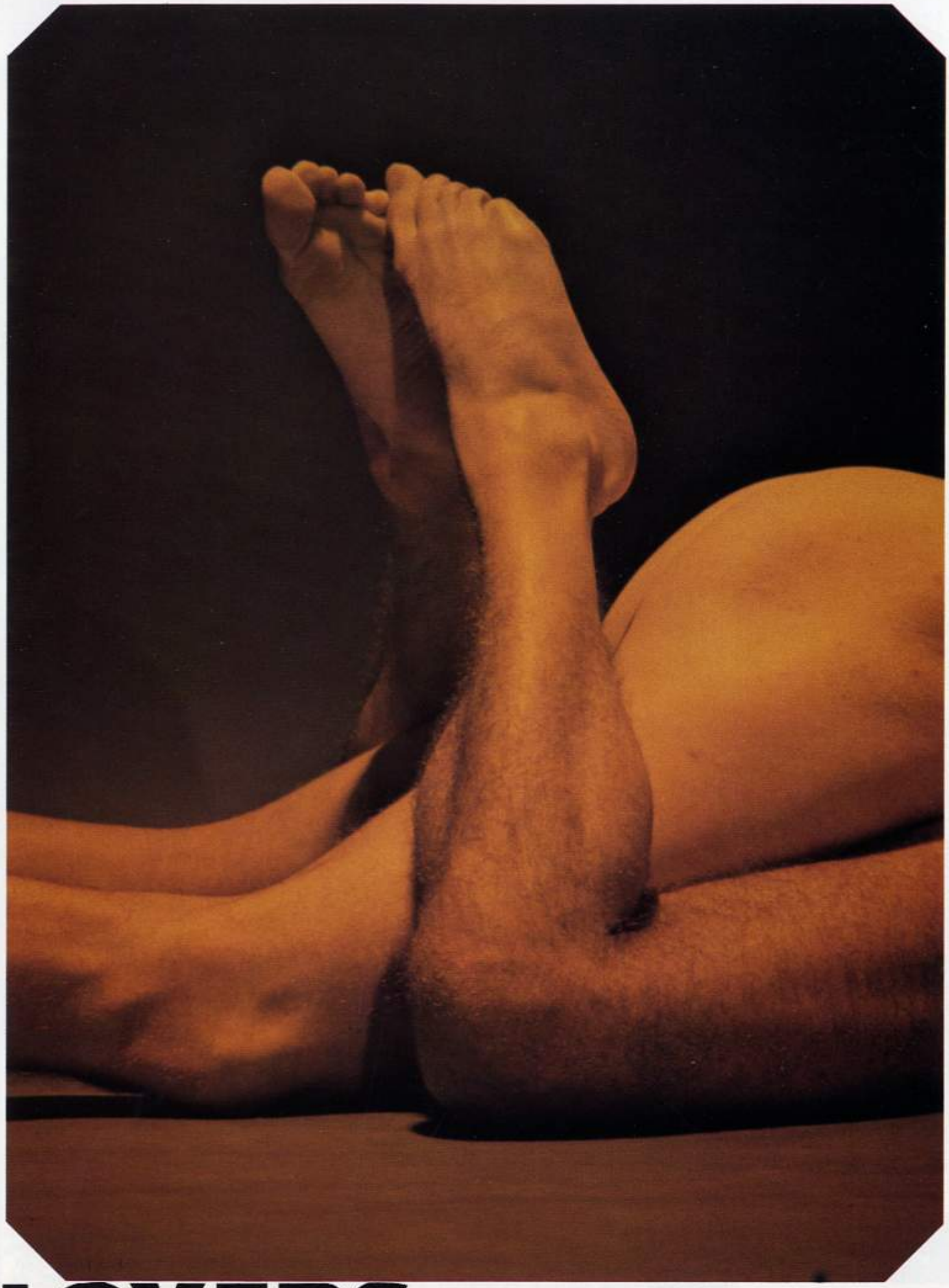
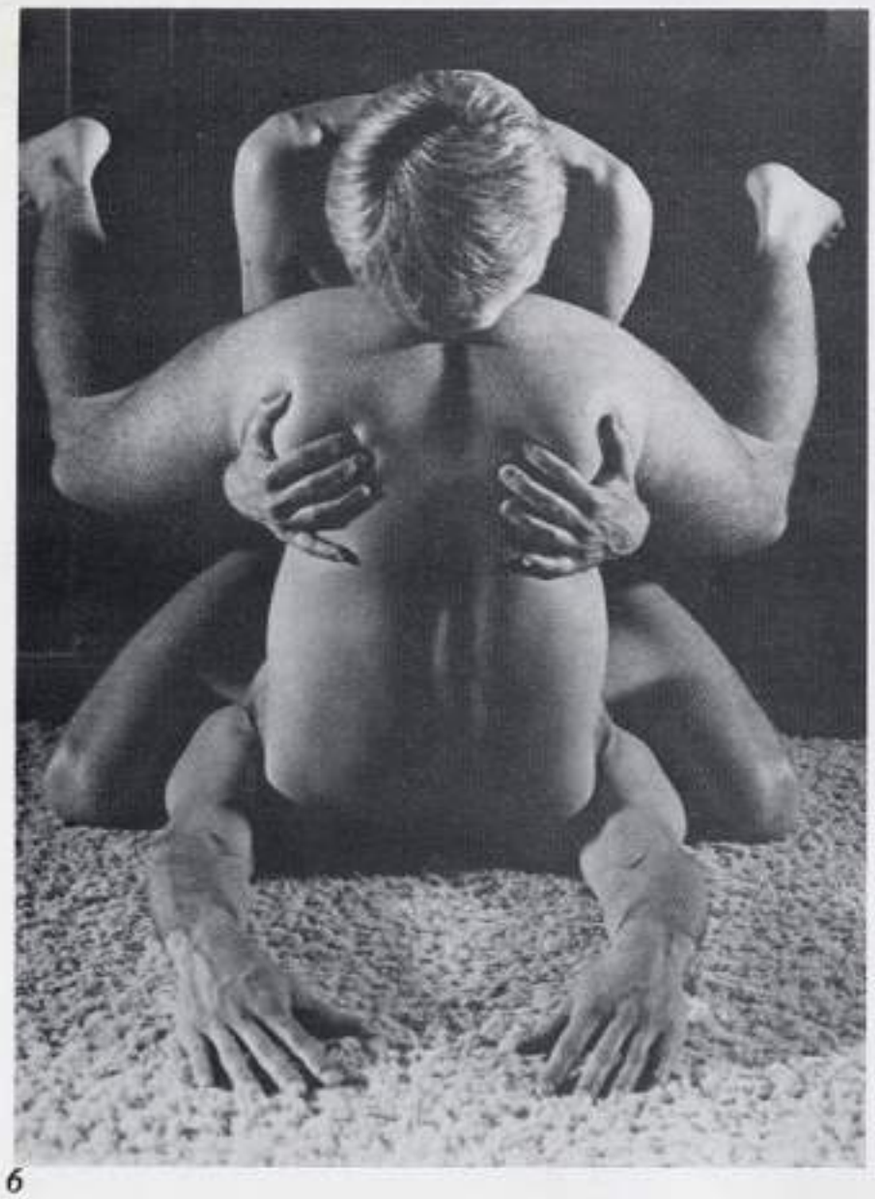
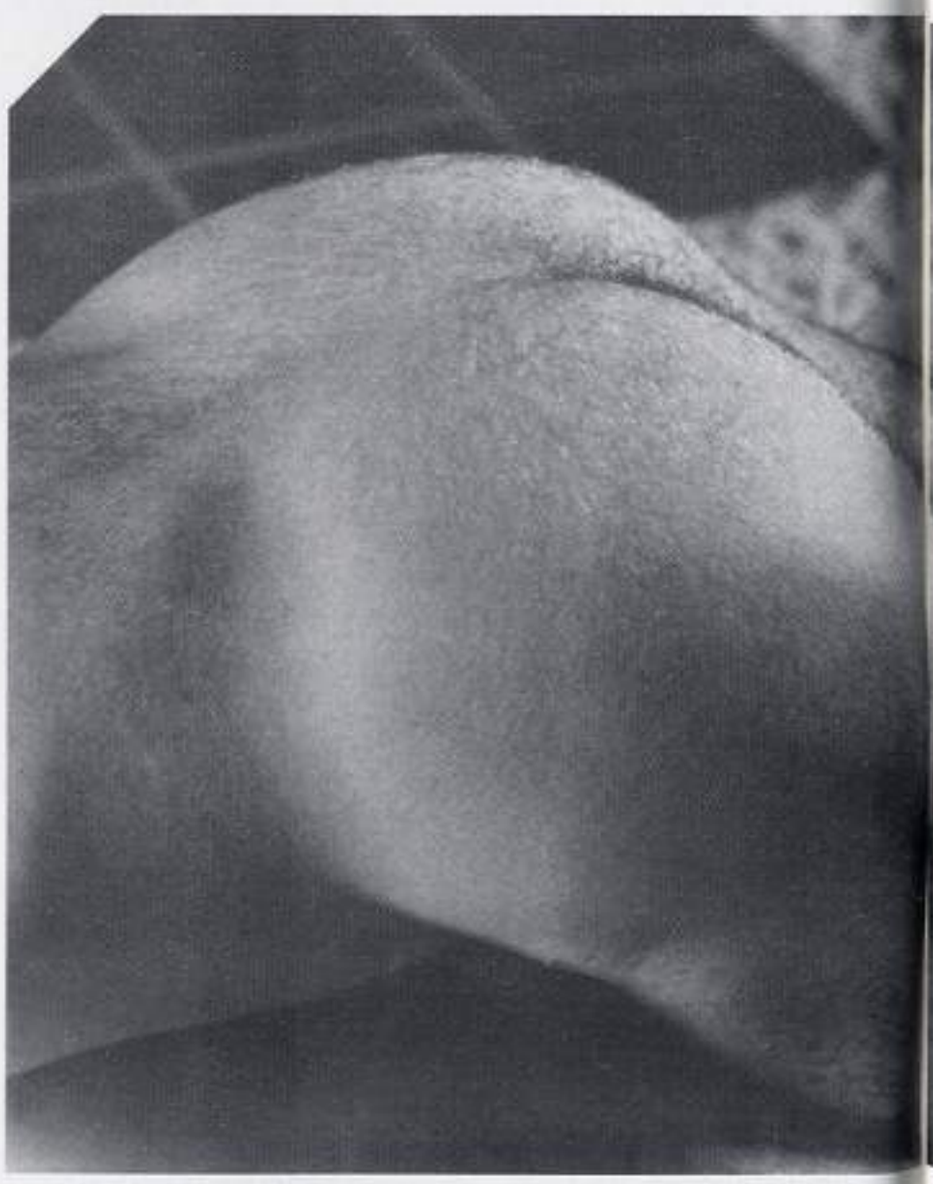
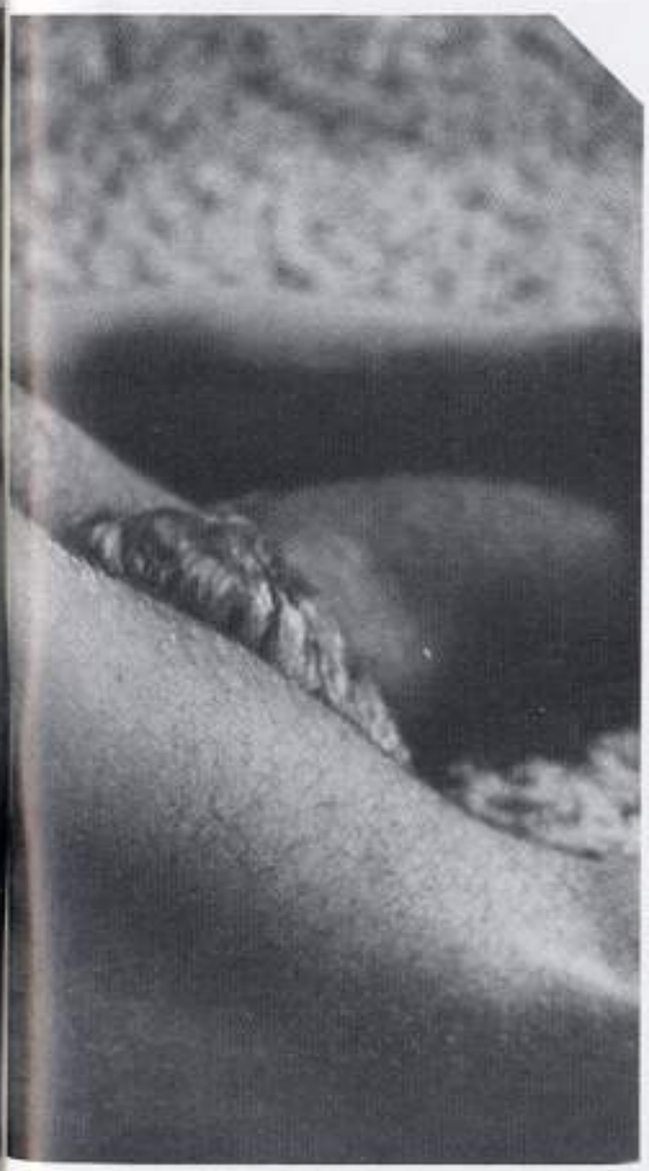


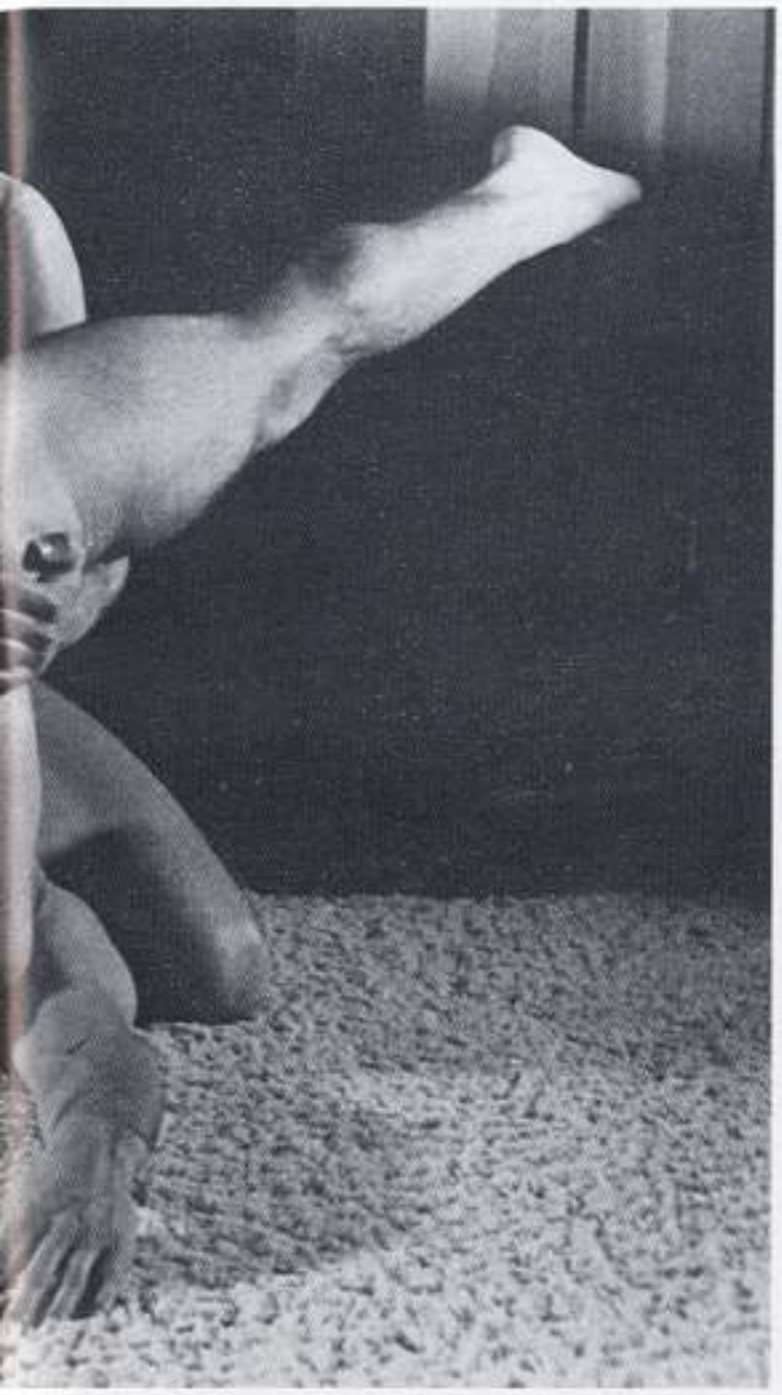
LOVERS

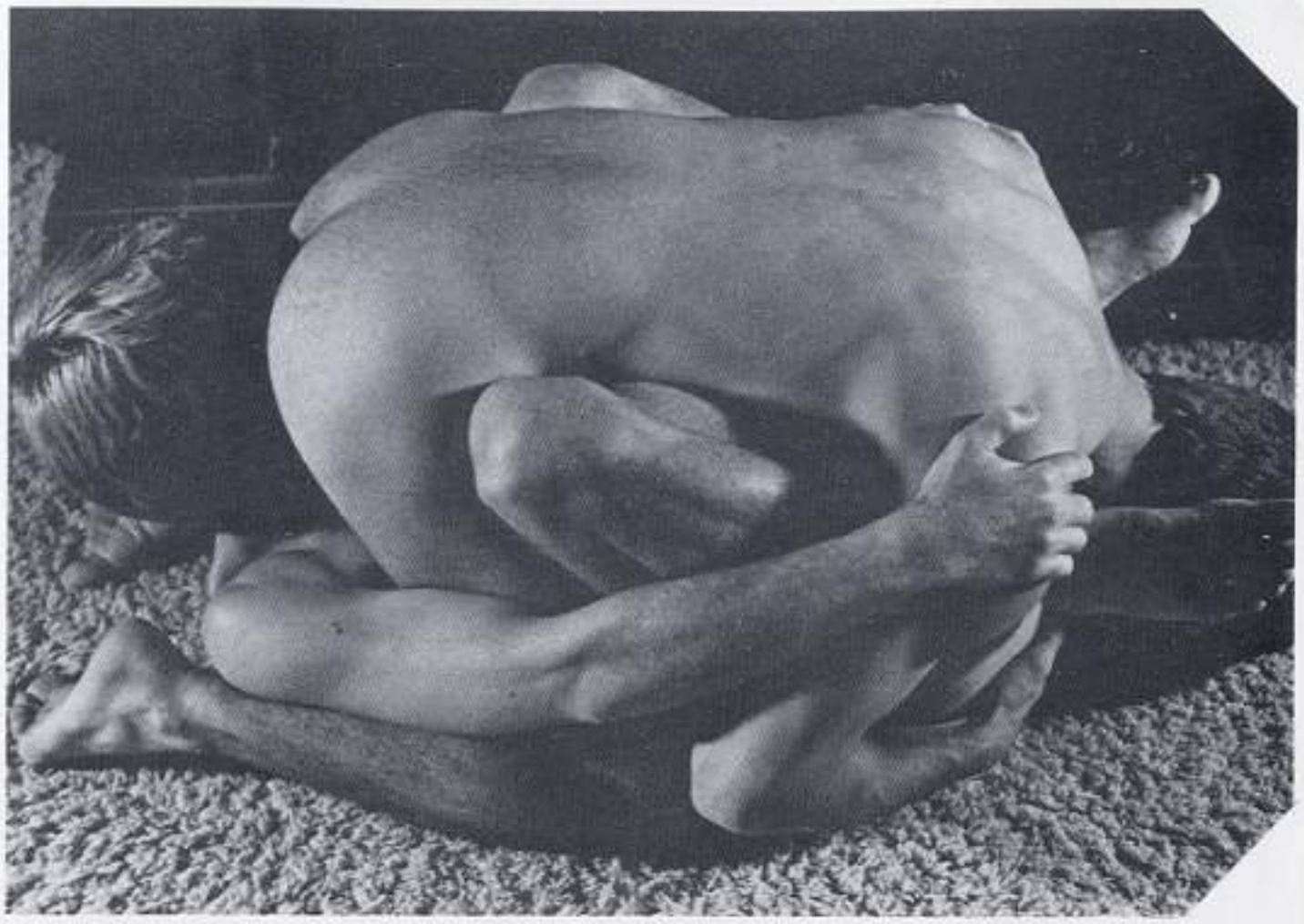
Photography by WESTLEY ARMBRUSTER

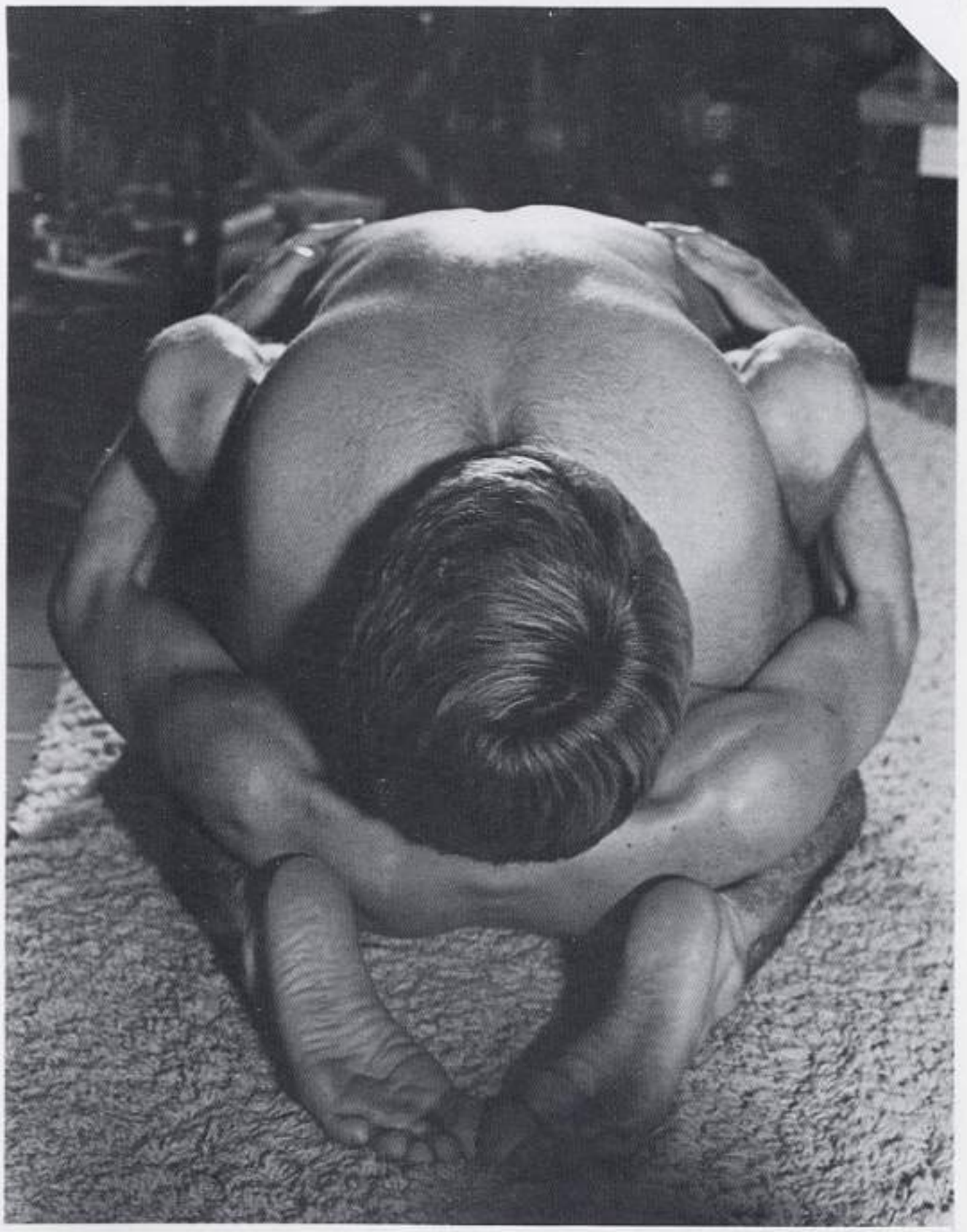


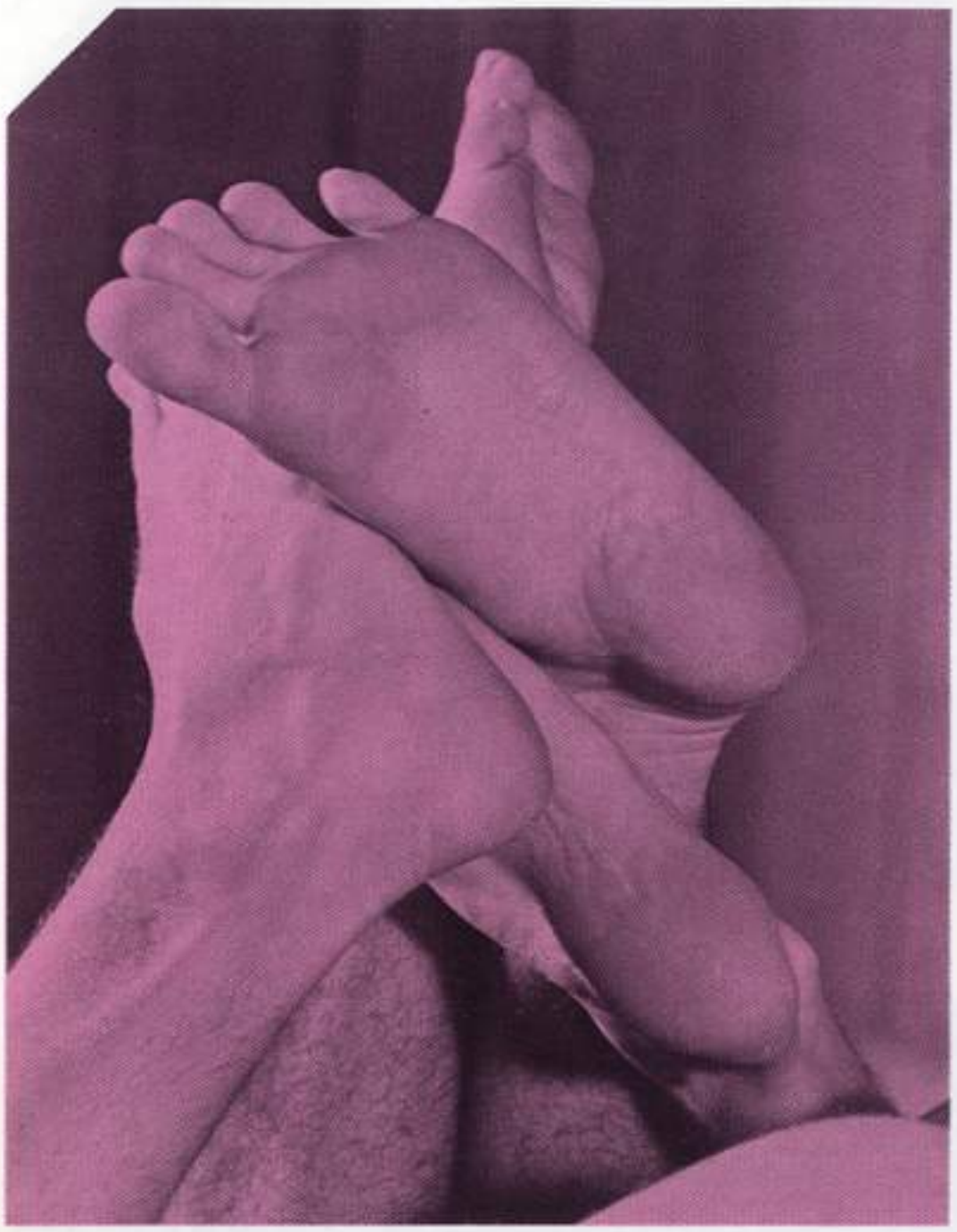


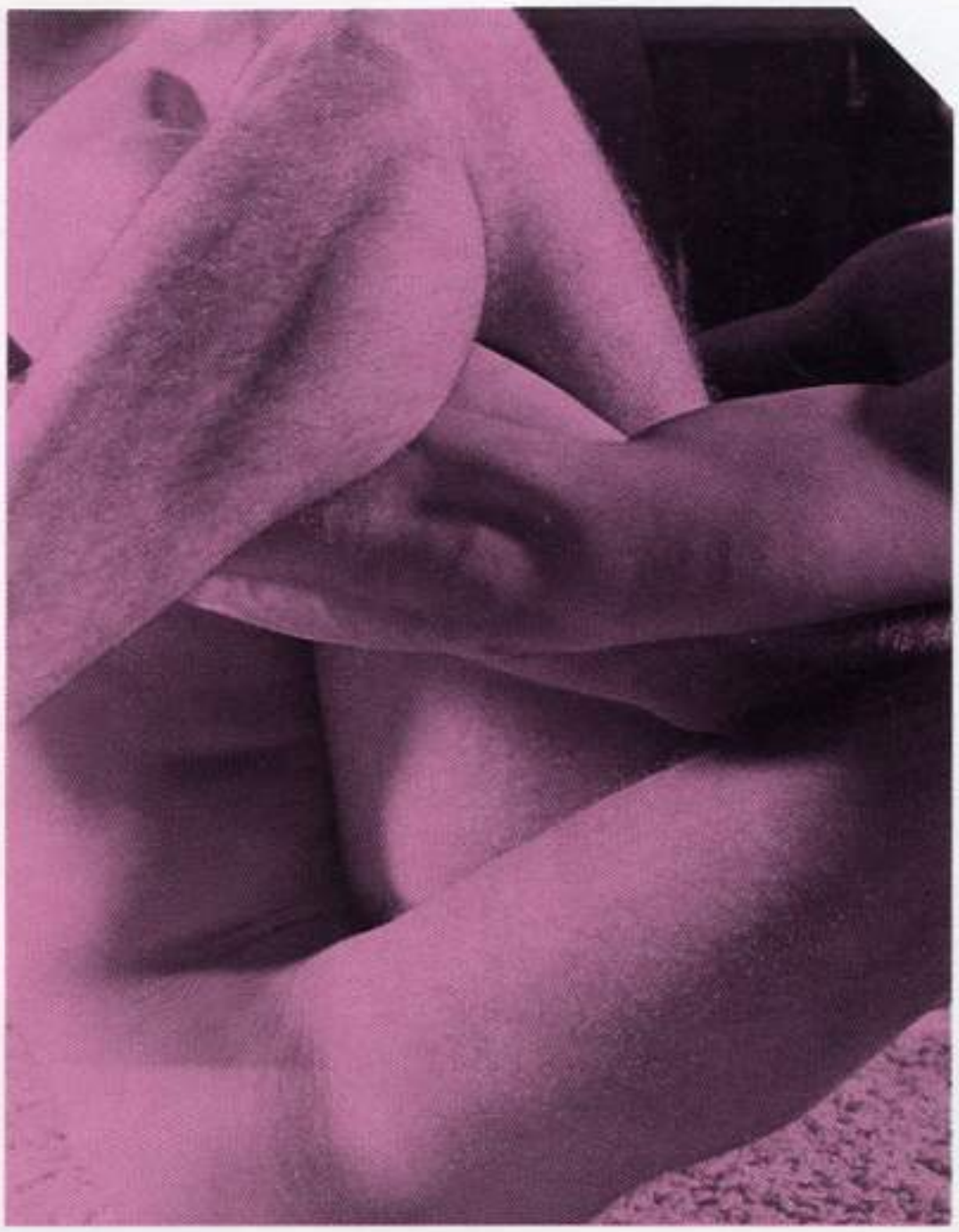












MEN IN HEAT

By BILL LUMEN

GEORGE PAYNE

The star of the porn films 'Kiss Today Goodbye' and 'The Back Row' may scorch the screen with other men, but shares his bed with a woman.

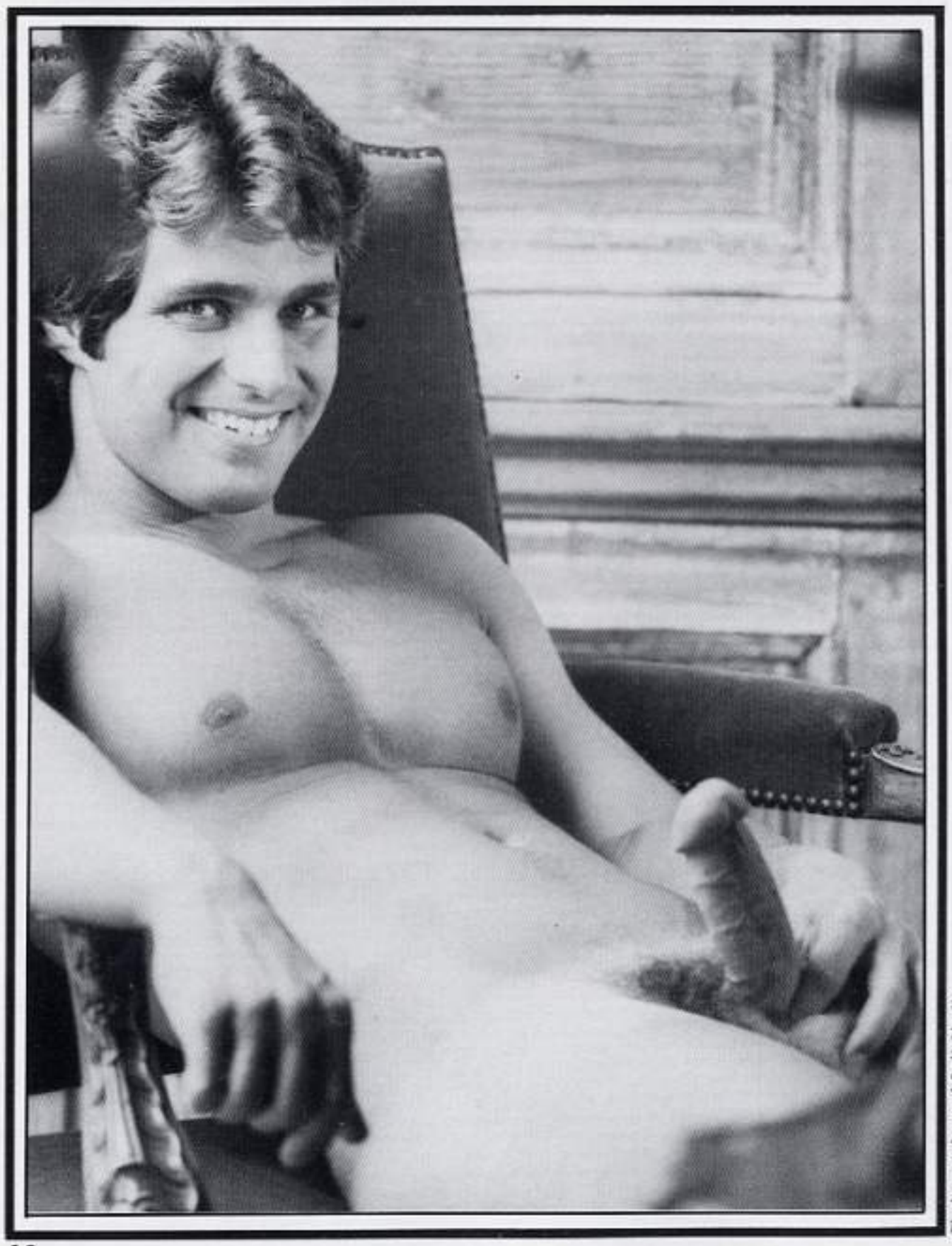


Photo courtesy of Colt Studio

Can a star of all-male skin flicks and a former Colt model be straight? He can try if he's George Payne, star of X-rated pics like *Kiss Today Goodbye*.

After seeing Payne sexually cavorting onscreen with his male costars, it is hard to imagine him sharing his bed with a woman. But, it's true.

With his girlfriend in tow, the 27-year-old actor came to Chicago to promote the movie. In an age when writers, artists and actors are publicly admitting their gayness, Payne is busy throwing a tarpaulin over his.

"First of all, I'm a actor," Payne adamantly says, "And that's how I feel I come across no matter if I do porno or legitimate films."

In only a few films, Payne has scorched an indelible impression with many who compare him to Peter Berlin.

Playing a Montana cowboy visiting New York, Payne made a stunning debut in '73's *The Back Row* in which he nearly stole the film from co-star, Casey Donavan. A difficult feat in itself.

Later, Colt released a dynamite foto series of him, followed by his appearance in *Ramrod*. Co-starring muscleman Bruce Morgan (another Colt model), *Ramrod* was a first of its kind — a 3-D all-male picture.

Because it received a cool response in its first screenings in California, and because many theatres refused to book it with its improper projecting facilities, the pic was permanently shelved. Even Payne, who perfomed a mastubation scene directed at the camera, has never seen the film.

After *Ramrod*, he faded from the scene and tried his hand at legit work, but only got tiny roles in TV's "Kojak" pilot and Charles Bronson's film, *Death Wish*.

But now, with *Kiss Today Goodbye*, Payne is once again trying skin flicks. Directed by Frances Ellie (*David and Michaelangelo*), the pic-

ture has Payne playing a N.Y. construction worker who falls in love with a married business man but loses him when the man decides to return to his wife and children.

The film is not a gay classic like *Boys in the Sand*, but it's definitely several cuts above the ordinary, mostly for its steady camerawork and handsome lighting.

But how can Payne claim he "loves women" in his private life and bed down with men onscreen? "Like I said, I'm an actor," Payne says. But a few seconds later, he whispers, "I'm in it for the money."

Although he's gotten his head wet in X-rated delights, he doesn't intend on becoming soaked. "I don't plan to stay here. They're really just a stepping stone. If you're a good actor, you'll automatically go on to something better.

'That big beefed-up look is in . . . but I'm just not the size of those guys.'

"I have a good chance because I feel I bring something to the screen that hasn't been brought before." What exactly that is, he doesn't say.

Others react differently to Payne's professed "acting" abilities. Cal Culver (Casey Donovan) says Payne was difficult to work with in *The Back Row*. "Because he was married and didn't know what side of the fence he was on."

Payne is noticeably upset about this. "I don't like to say anything bad about anyone, but let's face it. Cal is a big superstar in this business and I think he felt I was a threat to him. After all, when *The Back Row* came out, the gay press was after me for interviews rather than him."

Why hasn't he tried straight sex films? "I have," he hesitantly admits, "but I'd rather not go into that. First of all, I don't have the equipment to compete with stars like Marc Stevens or John C. Holmes. (See more on Stevens & Holmes this issue)

"That big beefed up look is in, especially in California. But I'm just not the size of those guys."

It's true. Although Payne's photos show him handsomely muscular with sweater-stretching pecs, his body looks smaller in person.

His 5'9 frame carries 155 lbs. which is 20 pounds less than what he carried in *The Back Row*. "I guess you could say I lost some of my baby fat," he laughs. "and my face is now more drawn."

He is the first to admit he wants to project whatever filmmakers want. "Some people don't like me with the longer hair and a beard, but this is what the producers desire. Currently, they want a sort of drugged-out, psychotic appearance."

A couple years ago filmmakers wanted the boy-next-door instead of the bearded macho they want now.

For Colt, Payne was shot clean-cut with short hair and beardless. He even had to shave body hair from his arms, legs and stomach to further project that image.

Like Casey Donovan, he's trying to make the transition from porn to legit pics. But like his former co-star, he's finding the job hard. He spends three weeks each month job-hunting in N.Y. and calls it home.

Yet it would seem he's off course since New York isn't Hollywood. And working sans agent is frustrating but he refuses "to spend a lot of money on someone and then end up getting ripped off."

Payne wants to keep his private life just that: private. He admits having Midwestern roots, but won't say where. "I think my brother has an idea what I'm doing, but my mother certainly doesn't. God, I'd hate for that to get out."

He says he was married but got divorced. In the past he was a railroad fireman and went through premed for two years before dropping out. "I had a 3.63 grade point average, but it was too expensive. I just couldn't afford it."

In an era of "Mr. Beautifuls", Payne keeps his body tight by working out twice weekly with toning exercises. "Believe me, this body is not natural.

"I don't really watch what I put

'Believe me, this body is not natural.'

Photo courtesy of Colt Studio

into my body. If I spend $20 a week on food, I'm treating myself. I rarely drink, but do smoke a lot. Once a month, however, I go out on a binge and completely lose myself," he says, but cautiously adds, "I want to keep my head on straight."

The future might be something else again. Photography keeps bread on the table, but the work's not steady.

Roy Blakey and Bruce Weber, two of his favorite photographers, don't always have work for him, though Blakey lensed him last spring.

He doesn't want to make any more gay films, but confesses he may "if the right one comes along. I think *Kiss Today Goodbye* has a decent plot and that's what I look for."

Not one to gossip out of school, he hints of much unprofessionalism in the skin flick industry, mentioning drugs on the set and actors too high to "act". Often, he says, the crew waits two hours for an actor to "get it up."

Whatever direction he takes will be a big decision. He's sure he wants the "heavy relationship" with his girlfriend, but the male skin flicks is still a baffling subject to him.

"If I do decide to do another sex film, I want it to be good," he says. "There are too many filmgoers being ripped off. You've got to admit, there's a lot of junk in this market.

"Personally, I don't go see these movies. Tickets are extremely overpriced. I know I wouldn't shell out $5 to see George Payne. But then I wouldn't pay $5 to see Jesus Christ either.

"But for those who still desire to go," he says, "I want to make sure they get the best."

Photo by Roy Blakey

MARC S

By DAVID SEARS

It's something else when you've got the largest cock in town. Mr. 10½, I mean Marc Stevens, seems to be dedicating his life to just what that image means to everyone else — guys and dolls — in a kind of punk Brooklyn attitude that has swelled into a sizable ego-trip that's quite New York. With the permissive '60s, porno swelled, too, adding to the head.

But today, he is surprisingly cool — one might even say, alienated. What is the change, if it isn't another act, or scene in the raw, reel life of a porno star?

"I get calls in the middle of the night for advice. I feel like a priest, a sex priest, the way these people talk to me, and confide their sexual desires, inhibitions, fantasies to me. What do you expect?

"I feel like a priest, a sex priest, the way these people talk to me, and confide their sexual desires, inhibitions, fantasies to me."

"I talk to a lot of people who are very unhappy with what they are doing. You know. They're the ones who call me up and say. 'Marc, I'll do anything, please, for bucks.' And they're willing to strip themselves of their morality. Which is bad. I used to be like that. I used to feel very desperate. And I'm not desperate anymore. And that represents a power.

"Should I be the normal average guy? Should I just be nobody? I don't want to be just nobody. I'm not the normal, average guy. I'm special. I'm very different. That's why I want to stand out in the spotlight . . . that's why you're interviewing me . . . that's the kind of lifestyle I want. Not everybody wants that. Fine!"

This is Marc Stevens, laid back on the sofa in blue jeans and a white muscle shirt, a little red devil with pitchfork tattooed on his right arm. We are on the 6th floor, looking out on a Greenwich Village snowstorm, smoking a joint.

"I don't generally care what anybody thinks, pretty much. I mean,

STEVENS

Mr. 10½, star of nearly 500 straight porn films, like guys too, but knows where the money is . . .

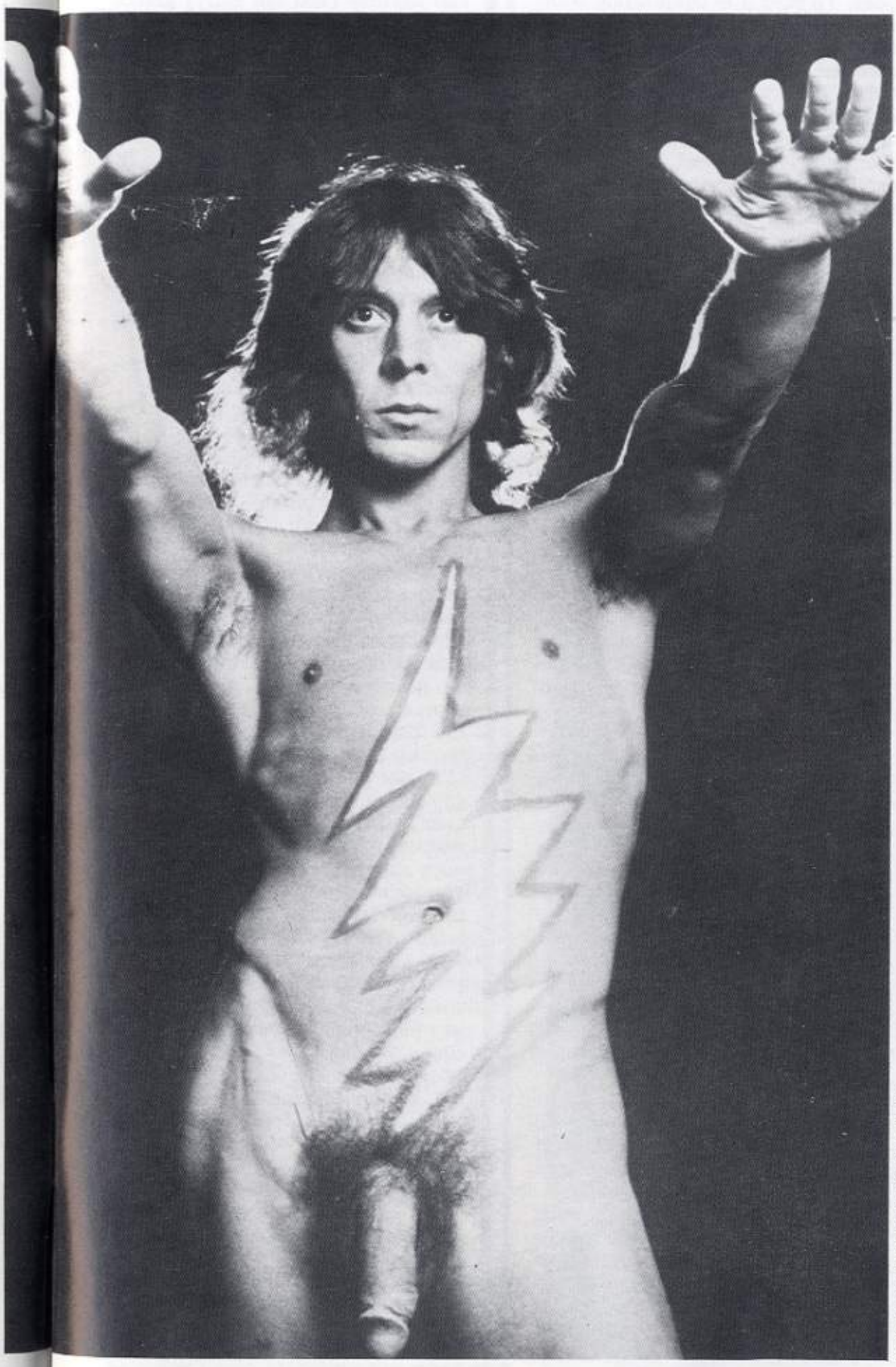


Photo courtesy New York's Big Top Theatre

your opinion is your own. I have only a few really good friends. Like I said, I don't know what they want from me.

"People think I have a lot of money. I don't . . . have a lot. I have enough to be very happy right now. 'Cause I've made a lot. 'Cause I don't have to do this interview, if I don't want. That's for sure. I had to think about it . . ."

Why?

"Because I like the people at *IN TOUCH*. But I'd rather have more people think of me as just a guy than as a homosexual or as a heterosexual. I don't want people concentrating just because I like guys. That has nothing to do with my morality necessarily or anything. It's sort of strange.

"Let me put it to you this way. I have nothing to hide . . . If I want to make money, which I do, the best way to do it is geared straighter than gayer. I have to be known all over the world to make the kind of money I want. And to be acceptable I have to carry it off. There's an image needed somewhere. I don't want it to be entirely gay."

But isn't it all sex? Sensation?

"Well to these people it's different. I'm glad you're on my side. Fill those words in there. You know that. That's the way I feel."

At 33, he has now made over 500 films (his count), only 5 of which have been gay, including his first porn loop. "I think gay movies with men doing men or chicks doing chicks are generally more erotic. The actors really know and like what they are into. They understand the equipment better." — that last one is a quote from his first autobiography, *10½*.

But this afternoon the opinion has somewhat changed: "Most of my feelings about today's pornography is that is sucks. It's boring, repetitious, too close, doesn't work. The acting is terribly bad. It's out of focus.

"I don't like many of the gay films. I think they're even worse than the bad, straight ones. And that really bothers me so much that the gays are so sophisticated, so sleek, so classy, and yet they can't put a fucking good gay film together.

"The whole idea is not eroticism. That's the idea for old time pornography. To just get everybody off. Then there's no concern about the actors. There should be more of a story. It should sort of fall into place. I can't just look at a screen and watch a couple of people fucking.

"I don't know what anybody's talking about when they talk about X-rated films. You have R-rated stuff. And you have these really classy soft-core ones. And you have little teasers. There are so many variations in courts. If Harry Reems gets 20 years, they'll go for me. And if I go, I'm going to take everyone with me. But nothing's happening there.

"I don't know what anybody's talking about anymore. I know it's a personal opinion. And that's it. You like it or you don't like it. You gotta go in and see it. If you wanna see it, you pay your $5 and you go in. Off the street. And you go in and you get off. If you get off . . . if you get off. If you don't,fine. You do, I'm sure. Wow! I don't know.

"I'd rather just participate. I'd rather just have a good time in my own bedroom than any place else. Or the kitchen, or the living room, or whatever else I screw . . . I do it until it feels good. I don't care who's watching. I'm very uninhibited. I've always had a good body. I just never cared, really."

Are we talking about guys or girls?

"We're not talking about anybody. I haven't called the "gender" — I just talk about people. Isn't that the way it could be for me? That's the way it always is. I'm not putting you on about anything.

"I'm not looking to answers anymore like that. I used to want to know. Why I was this, or why I did that. I don't want to be neurotic or psychotic or any of these kinds of things that so many people are. I really just want to be a nice guy, basically. And I sleep well. I like to be around women more than I like to be around guys. But maybe lately I've probably had sex with more different guys than with more different girls. I like having sex with a lot of different people. I don't know — whatever my mood is. It's not that important. I'd rather just be around nice people than fuck all the time."

Now he has finished his second autobiography, just out, co-authored with Diana Clapton, published by Zebra — *Making It Big*. Again, with punchy prose, explicit sexual descriptions of scenes from his life — from Third Avenue hustler to disco stud — this book makes sensational reading and runs a gamut of emotions. To read it in conjunction with *10½*, however, which dwells almost exclusively on his film career and personal interviews with leading ladies (Andrea True, Linda Lovelace, Georgina Spelvin), is a fascinating study in the life of a porn star. Interestingly enough, both books end with episodes that suggest lost or lasting relationships with men . . .

"I wouldn't stick my head in the oven. I did it once. Actually, I wrote about my suicide. And I was going to end my first book with my suicide. But my publisher thought it too gorey and asked it to be deleted. As an author, you get no privileges, no rights, when you sign your name to the bottom line of a standard contract.

"The second book is very heavy to accept because it's very personal and I don't know what my interest is. I'm proud of it because it's my life story. I got one offer to combine both books for a screenplay to do the film version. Everyone's still in prime to play themselves. Celebrities playing, naturally, themselves. It's a film of the film of the book, you know. And it's part of my life. And it works well. Legally, it works incredibly well . . ."

So what's turning him on?

"I don't know. Whatever you want to do, I think, would be the best answer for sexy and sex today. Whatever you want to do. Rub it until it feels good, I suppose. That's what I do. I do what I want to do. Nobody stops me. I'm doing it. I haven't been very harmful to anybody, I don't think.

"I don't care about size, about cocks, cunts or tits. Now cock . . . cock-size is important in films, maybe. In a close-up you can see my cock going in longer and out longer. But other than that, the best cock is one that works. Up and down. Up and down. Right? The girls will agree with me. The best cock is a working cock.

"I guess I have more sex than the average guy because, why? . . . people come to me like, they cling to me like flies to shitpaper. Flies to shit. I mean, flies to flypaper, not . . . I was going to say flies to shit! But it's . . . that's it, honey!"

He is John Holmes. Alias Johnny Wadd. Unchallenged and still-reigning superstar of porn. Not even Marc Stevens' 10½ inches can come close to his 13½ inches that fascinates porn lovers, male and female, all over the world. His name and likeness (and full glory) graces magazines and 8mm films in adult bookstores everywhere.

He gave an exclusive interview to John Roberts not long ago, a rarity for Holmes, since he doesn't normally acknowledge his gay fans nor grant interviews to the gay press. In fact, despite images on celluloid, he denies ever making a gay film or posing for gay fotos. He's the superstar of the porn world, there's no denying that, tho . . . and in a perfectly outrageous interview in 2 parts, he tells us about his career, his reputation, and those rumors . . .

IN HEAT: Have you given an interview to a gay publication before?

HOLMES: No. Not per se.

IH: Why did you decide to?

HOLMES: Why not? I'd say propably two thirds of my friends are gay.

IH: Two thirds, huh?

HOLMES: At least. Oh yeah. I like gay people.

IH: But most of your friends are in the business, aren't they?

HOLMES: No. A lot of them are into distribution, which is not really theatrical. It's more the business end . . . distributing films, publicity, all aspects.

IH: You know when we talked before at that time your attitude was "I'm not gay. I have not done any gay things. Films, magazines, whatever . . .

HOLMES: Yeah. There's too many guys doing them. Why should . . . you know.

IH: But I just wonder. Your name is all over town at the gay theatres with your films showing . . .

HOLMES: Right.

IH: So there's no doubt you've made gay films, right? You're not denying that . . .

HOLMES: I'm denying it.

IH: You're denying it.

HOLMES: It's not me . . . I can give you the name and address of the guy who it is. He's a German. He's 26 years old. He lives in San Francisco. He's gay. Before the film was shot they offered me $1,000 to shoot the loop and I said 'No. Pass. I don't want to do it. I don't want to get involved with it. I'm shooting straight films. There's a million guys to shoot gay films. I'm just sticking to the heterosexual trade' . . . you know, so they called me back in 30 days and

JOHN HOLMES

By JOHN ROBERTS

they said 'We've found a guy who looks just about like you in New York. He's got a huge fucking cock. It's probably bigger than yours' . . . and I said 'Good, I'm glad shoot it' . . . and they said 'He only wants a 1-way plane ticket back to Germany. He's stuck here. Hasn't got any money. Just wants to get back to Germany.' So they shot the film, gave him the ticket. He cashed it in, flew to San Francisco. But he shot 2 or 3 films since then. He even brought out a couple straight films that people think is me.

IH: So what you're telling me . . . now this sounds kinda preposterous, you've got to admit . . . that this guy looks exactly like you.

HOLMES: People say 'why don't you just admit it? Why don't you come out and say it?' Well, I'm denying it because it isn't me. Not because I would be ashamed that it's gay. If I were gay. Fuck it man, I'd be in the gay military league just screaming it . . . you know 'cause whatever I get into, I'm a total radical. Fuck 'em. I'm just denying it because it isn't me. Not because if it was me I'd be ashamed.

IH: But you're saying that this person looked that much like you to fool everybody and still fooling everybody.

HOLMES: He doesn't fool me at all. I look at him and he doesn't look like me at all.

IH: I gotta admit he does look a little older than you.

HOLMES: Thank you! Allll right! This is gonna be an O.K. interview.

IH: I said to friends, 'You got a magazine with John Holmes in it; well let's see it' . . .

HOLMES: He's got straight hair. They curled his hair, just for the fucking film. They had his hair curled and styled.

IH: Have you seen the film?

HOLMES: No. I've heard of it, tho.

IH: But you're asking me to believe this too . . .

HOLMES: Fuck no. I'm not. I'm not asking you to believe it. I don't give a shit whether you believe it. You know what is really nice in my circumstance? I'm self-employed. No one pays my rent but me. And I don't give a fucking shit what anybody thinks. I perform. I do my job. I love the work I'm in. I don't give a shit if a priest walked up to me. If a rabbi walked up to me. If a nun walked up to me. I wouldn't give a shit. I'm just me. Nobody pays my rent but me. So I'm just saying it because it's fact.

IH: But this guy got his ticket back to Germany and has never been heard from since . . .

HOLMES: He cashed his ticket in and flew to San Francisco and he's shooting films now. He's done 5 or 6 films . . . straight films . . . gay films.

IH: Well we'd obviously like to check this out.

HOLMES: I can call my agent and get his number. Last I heard was 16 months ago. I'm sure he's still up

Photo by Joel Sussman

there. I've seen 3 films he's done. Straight films. 'Cause I don't go to gay films. They don't interest me. 'Cause I'm not into the gay thing.
IH: I know you were going to tell me this. Will the real John Holmes please stand up! Now this is your side. I'd really like to hear his side.
HOLMES: He has very broken English. You may have a hard time . . .
IH: I'll take an interpreter. If he exists. If he really exists . . .
HOLMES: Oh yeah . . .
IH: We'd like to prove it.
HOLMES: Oh definitely . . .
IH: What do you think about the fact that he's using your name or the money men are using your name?
HOLMES: I told them when they told me they got a guy who looks just about like me. 'He's got a big cock. We're going to shoot the gay film. He'll shoot it.' I said 'Fine, you use my name on the carton, I'm gonna cursify you in court. I'm gonna put you thru it man. You're gonna burn.' They said 'O.K., we won't.' But the film was pirated . . . if you're picking up a gay movie and it says 'John C. Holmes' on the box, you've got a bad copy because the people who took the original film and made copies off of it . . . the copies are always grainy and fuzzy, and not quite right. So if you're buying a carton that says 'John C. Holmes' in a gay movie, you're buying a really rotten fucking movie anyway.
IH: Well what does it say on your movie cartons? 'John Holmes?'
HOLMES: Yes. But that's the films I'm in.
IH: But the ones that he's in always say 'John C. Holmes'?
HOLMES: 'John C. Holmes'. Mine say 'John C. Holmes'.
IH: Yours do too . . .
HOLMES: Oh, yes!
IH: He had the same name but they just gave him the name.
HOLMES: I don't even know his name anymore.
IH: It's not like you could sue them or anything.
HOLMES: Oh, already got it in court! In court! $500,000 lawsuit!
IH: Against who? The money men...
HOLMES: The distributors.
IH: You know who they are . . .
HOLMES: Oh, we're right in the middle of a court battle right now over it.
IH: You're protecting your identity. I mean your name. Is that your real name?
HOLMES: John C. Holmes. That's me.
IH: Is that the name you used on "Leave it to Beaver"?
HOLMES: I wasn't on "Leave it to Beaver".
IH: Now wait a minute! We gotta settle a lot of things here.
HOLMES: Uh oh, here we go! That wasn't me.
IH: Well, you've heard all that . . .
HOLMES: . . . he's a cop in No. Hollywood . . .
IH: You're shattering a lot of myths here, you know.
HOLMES: Oh, Gawd, I don't care . . . I always tell the truth.
IH: Why does everybody say that was you or he was you then?
HOLMES: They said it was Alice Cooper for awhile.
IH: Amazing.

HOLMES: Alice Cooper was supposed to be Eddie Haskell. I was supposed to be Eddie Haskell, this cop in No. Hollywood was supposed to be Eddie Haskell.
IH: Well then you didn't have a show biz career as a youngster?
HOLMES: Oh yes I did. Live stage, singing, dancing, everything . . .
IH: Since what age?
HOLMES: Six months. I played baby in an off-Broadway play . . . a lot of babies.
IH: Kinda just give me a brief . . .
HOLMES: I worked 6 years in Europe when I was a teenager . . . and back out to California . . . lived in Miami for awhile . . .
IH: Basically doing what? Commercials . . . stage?
HOLMES: Going to college.
IH: You were in college . . .
HOLMES: Went to college for 5 years.
IH: Where at?
HOLMES: U-C-L-A . . . I shouldn't have said it. UCLA.
IH: Why shouldn't you have said it?
HOLMES: Well, because I used a different name . . . to go to UCLA.
IH: Now it's all coming out!
HOLMES: I know, fuck it! I don't care!

In the next issue of *IN HEAT*: Part 2 of this interview, in which Holmes discusses his beginnings as a male whore in a Paris bordello at 15, bisexuality, and the continuing saga of a porn superstar.

•••

FLICKS & BOOKS

Until now, the major source of full-length gay porn films has been the West Coast and New York. But now, quietly, out of the seat of U.S. government (Washington, D.C.) comes Congressional Films Inc. and their first essay into this happy genre. The vehicle is the full-length, color pic *Quarterback,* with some 20 local hunks in a story about a high school footballer, who finds his coach in a tea room, then takes on the entire team (one-to-one and intimately *in toto delictus!*)

As release date approached, there was a bit of excitement around Federal City, from the film being a "first" for D.C. and from the rather closeted nature of the enterprise. Being a writer in the midst of this clandestine cinematic caper reminded me of some of the reasons there may still be so many closets extant in the gay world: adventure . . . naughty, furtive rebellion 'gainst our firm (comfortable?) Victorian moral structure. Face it, fellas, some folks love leading double lives.

The psuedonymned "star" of this epic is rumored to be in a "sensitive" area of employment, the cameraman /editor (who really *is* straight!) has relatives in the apparently "legit" part of the industry, and the director of the enterprise ,who runs three of the finest first-run gay movie houses on the East Coast, feels he has had enough legal hassles to last him a lifetime . . .

Quarterback

I was shown a work print of the film, which, even in the "working" stage, had good quality color and composition. The only judgment that can be reached is strictly subjective: the quarterback is not built like one (but does play pretty good in the hard meat department). And his co-players do get it on and get down. There's no problem geting it up, and there's one good orgy. I heard there was some problem during filming when, in one session all the guys did indeed have trouble "getting it up" for the camera. When the director demanded to know the problem, a sheepish group 'fessed up that they had had a little "impromtu rehearsal" while waiting for filming to begin. Well, boys will be whatever, but the problem doesn't crop up in the final cut.

So, Congressional Films Inc. has its first film on the market, and I would have to say, that, for a first effort, *Quarterback* is worth seeing.

Congressional has no immediate plans for another one, but, if a good script comes their way, they say they'll tackle it. I wish 'em luck.

—Frank Akers

(continued on page 23)

The Confessions of a LOUNGE LIZARD

Words & Pictures by I.R. FUTZ

If you've ever hungered to send a gross greeting card, now you can, thanks to actor, designer, neurotic Michael Sklar

From across a dimly lit bar, which is how we first met, he has the visual mixture of Chaplin's little tramp, and an up-and-coming SS officer. He blends into an environment by extremes, someone about to become . . . a person who has cooled his act by cashing in on the pop-trash market that dwells within us all. His line of greeting cards go a bit farther then being cute, we've all hungered to send a message of "eat shit and die" to an ex-lover, parent, or teacher, and because of the Childstar Card Co. we now can.

IH: Why should I be interviewing you?

SKLAR: Because you had a free nite, and didn't have a hot date.

IH: What've you done with your life?

SKLAR: I am an actor, a designer, a neurotic, I'm thoubled, I'm all those things. I can't stand interviews like this. but keep going . . .

IH: What films have you been in?

SKLAR: Ya want the underground or the above-ground?

IH: Both. Justify your existence.

SKLAR: The meer fact I exist justifies my existence. OK. Are ya ready, my biggest hits were *Trash,* which brought me to prominency (he was the social worker who wanted the silver shoe from Holly Woodlawn); *Women In Revolt* which almost plummeted into obscurity. The film was well received, but the distributor almost went under. Ya almost had to be clairvoyant to find where the hell it was playing around town. I guess it was boxoffice poison, then there was *Scarecrow In A Garden Of Cucumbers, Bananas, Boys In The Band, Lovers And Other Strangers, Owl And The Pussycat, Little Murders, Portnoy's Complaint, Fun With Dick And Jane.* I was a child star when I was young, I did remakes of the "Our Gang Comedies" in the early '50s. Ah, it's all true. I did a co-host on "The Mike Douglas Show"; it's all in my resume. I did a bunch of shit.

IH: When were you involved with the Warhol crowd?

SKLAR: About the late '60s, early '70s.

IH: There's a general feeling by some that the factory crowd was a bunch of parasites.

SKLAR: The whole Warhol thing was such a sub-culture, being a parasite, and being a functional member of the scene; the line was so thin, it's hard to define it. I think there were a lot of hangers-on. Some appear as non-talents, but they were an important part of the factory scene; it was all such a mystery, a big ?, made up of little ?'s. Once they got to be destructive, the factory drops them. The factory has become everything it stood against in the late '60s, very chic, jet-setty,-cat-pack-upper-crust; the whole "Eleains Group", which it was always against in the late '60s. It made fun of all that shit. We hung out at Max's Kansas City, and went to openings in bluejeans and gym shoes. Now it's come full circle; society is now doing what we did then. Who's to say it wouldn't have happened without Warhol, if not him, someone else.

IH: Why did ya leave N.Y.?

SKLAR: It was very hard to work as a creative power. It was the old story of being at the mercy of the elements. It's a very vertical city; it features so much energy. L.A. is a horizontal city; it's so laaaayed out. You can be in more control of your career out on the 'coast'. N.Y. is a 24-hr. city. If you're down , you can go out in the streets and forget, if you're down in L.A., you're dooown. In N.Y. there is so much to distract you, ya don't have to think about your troubles, or your life. Just outside your door there's urban drama, there's no drama in L.A. I think the weather has something to do with it also. It's so constant, ya got to create your own excitement.

IH: Why do you call yourself a Lounge Lizard?

SKLAR: It's one of my favorite '40s expressions. A Lounge Lizard was always sort of a playboy-type that just kind of hung out in smoking jackets, and long cigarette holders. I hit the streets in my mid-'20s. I was from a middle-class background; my father was into politics, and owned movie theatres. I went to a military school. My grandparents did the costumes for *Gone With The Wind* and *Wizard of Oz.* My mother was a housewife with servants. I grew up with all that. I drove my mother's caddy to school . . . not very popular! And when I hit the streets I did it with some style. I would be trashy, but not "that" trashy. I would wear

funky bluejeans, but they would always be pressed.

IH: Do you accept trash as fashion?

SKLAR: Oh yes, sure it's a recognition of the street. How do ya explain the street? Ya can't, if ya didn't have a degree in the '50s or '60s you were french-fried shit. Now it's not such a street thing. Ya can learn technique faster then ya can get a law degree.

IH: What about power?

SKLAR: I don't really know just what power is. I never wanted to wield power. I own my own co. with a very bright guy who's great to work with; but I own it (Childstar) because I don't like working for anyone else, that in itself is a power trip, but I don't misuse it. When an artist comes to me and wants my advice, well I take a lot of time with unknowns, like someone did with me when I was unknown.

IH: Are you going to stay in L.A.?

SKLAR: Who the hell knows; I flow with the energy level.

IH: Is there any energy in L.A.?

SKLAR: Oh sure, a lot. The trick is to find it. It has a very thin layer. It's the place to be right now. I think creative people are tired of the struggle back east. N.Y. is the first to go, get fucked up. It will take time for it to reach us out here.

IH: Do you follow the popular trend in kinky sex?

SKLAR: I don't know if I'm a follower, but because it's so out in the open it's removed a lot of guilt from me. As a kid I was always chicken shit to ask anyone about it, there's a lot of crap that goes down about sex.

IH: Do you go out of your way to make your cards gross?

SKLAR: I don't think I go out to offend anyone. I just go out and do it. It just tends to be the way I design. I seem to be always 6 months to a year ahead of everyone, which could be the kiss of death. But by the time the cards come out on the market, someone else has knocked it off and made a fortune. That was before; now the cards seem to be right on rather then ahead of time.

IH: When push comes to shove, how do you open doors in Hollywood?

SKLAR: Well the old way is to fuck your way. It still goes on, and I guess it will forever. But what I tend to find is that I go to parties and just be me, and it always seems that a certain kind of group crystalizes around me. They seem to be the people I would be involved with anyway. It's interesting, very interesting.

IH: What about the gay sub-culture in L.A.?

SKLAR: It's very conservative. Still the police thing. It's bullshit, it's been like that in Hollywood forever. There's a lot of eye-fucking, games played, standing around in bars til 2 A.M. The games don't seem to have much of a point; everyone is last to make the first move. There seems to be a large fear of rejection out here in Hollywood. There's no street. Boy's town, West Hollywood, comes the closest, but has a long way to go.

IH: Are you sexually liberated?

SKLAR: What does that mean? I think a part of me is. I spent a lot of time fantasizing about it, and I have a lot of it. Think about how many people you sleep with in your lifetime it's possible to sleep with. Well it wouldn't be unheard of, say, 1,500 to 2,000.

IH: How many people did you sleep with last week?

SKLAR: Oh dear, that's really personal. (Tee Hee Hee) Oh, I don't even know. Sex is not satisfying to me, ya know the bar kind, sex without feelings means so little to me. I've just ended a relationship. I would rather have beat-off sex. Without feeling is a cheap virtue. It's kind of empty.

Peas on Earth

IH: When you beat off what do you think about?

SKLAR: My "golden hits". The high points of my sexual career. I like to relive those. They're kinda nice. I don't dream about a door opening and geting gang banged by 15 masked things, nor do I go off in a field of daisies, and clover with Isadora Duncan. My fantasizing tends to be filled with guilt. I'm still trying to work it out.

IH: Would you be in a tasteful porno film?

SKLAR: If it were tasteful it wouldn't be porno. Yes, I wouldn't go after it just to be in a sick film, but if I were really behind it, oh sure I would.

IH: What is the sickest film you've seen?

SKLAR: *A Star Is Born.*

IH: What makes you throw up?

SKLAR: I don't have a gag-reflex. I've only thrown up 3 times in my life. Oh, the best one was on New Years. I took a lot of Q's, some sloe gin-fizzes, and ate Chinese food for about an hour and a half. Anyway I threw up all over the window at the Beekman Tower in Manhattan. It was a $50-a-plate dinner. It wasn't very pretty.

IH: What about farting?

SKLAR: I loooveee too fart!!! I used to be ashamed of it, and say 'oh. isn't that disgusting!' My favorite thing is to fart in a crowded elevator and turn to the person next to me and say 'realllyyy!!!'

IH: Do you get off on picking your nose?

SKLAR: I think the picking of one's nose is taste-free. People always feel they can pick noses in their cars (mostly at stoplights) and no one sees. I tend to do it in private. I have an incredible colection under my desk. It's truly the history of the booggers.

IH: What else do ya like to do?

SKLAR: I have this wonderful girl scout uniform that I'm very fond of. I also love to shoot moons. I'll drop my pants at a moment's notice. I once dropped them in front of the plaza in N.Y. while the Iranian embassy limo was pulling up.

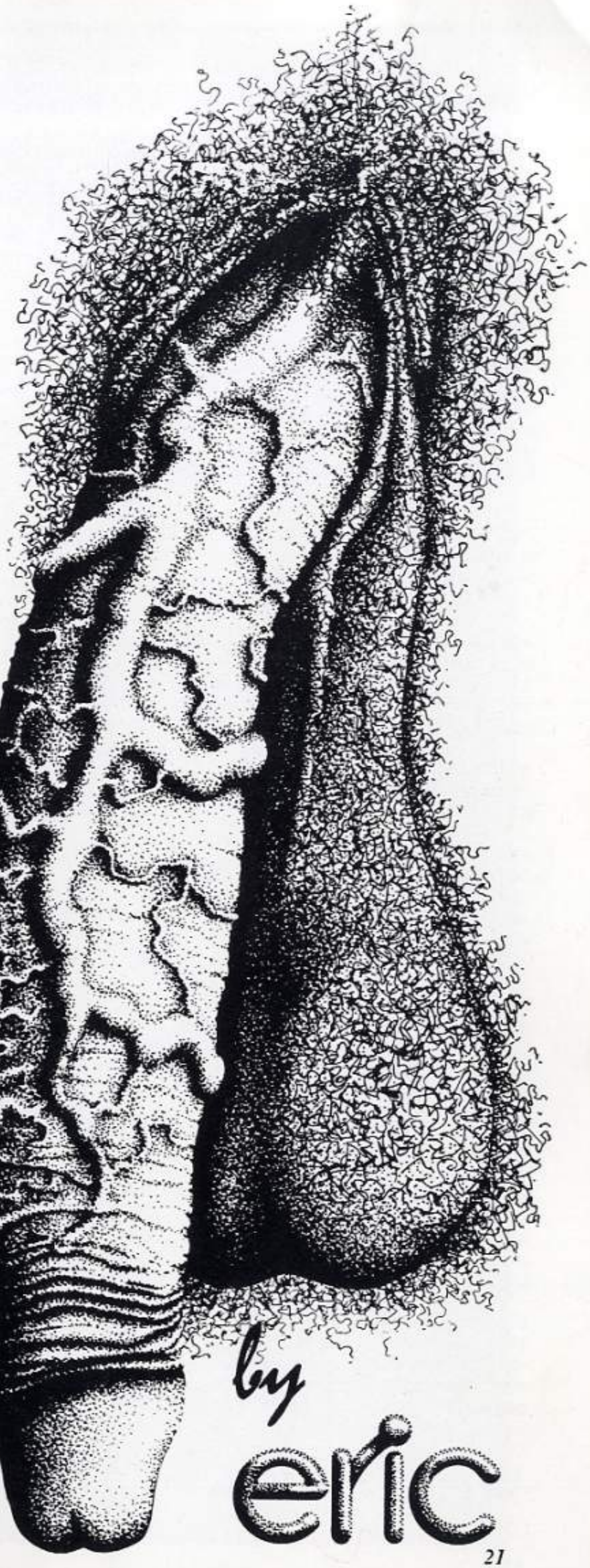
IH: What's the stupidest thing you've ever done in public?

SKLAR: I've done stupid things all my life; this interview . . .

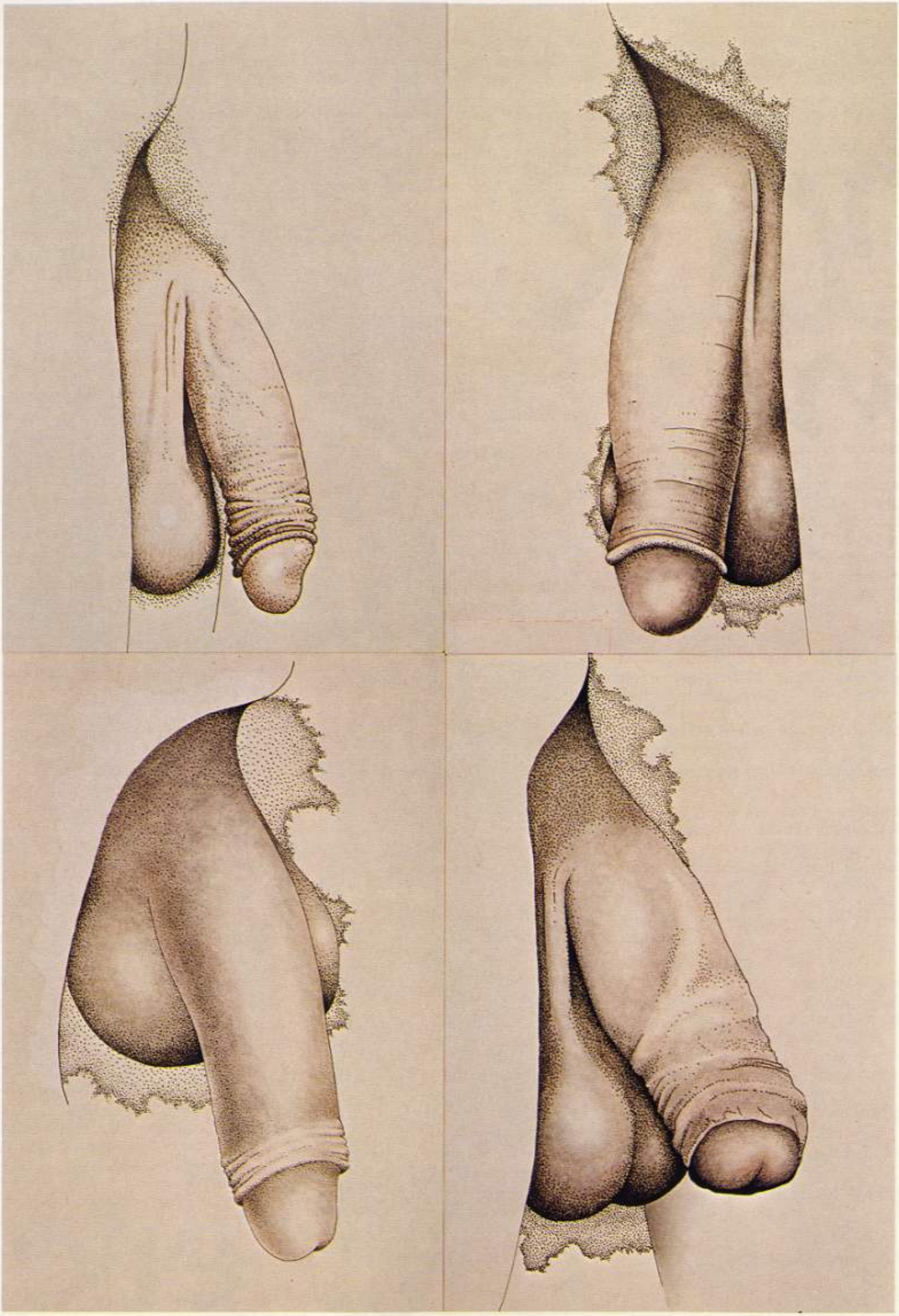
IH: What's the next sexual fantasy going to be?

(continued on page 62)

COCK art



by eric



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books

THE MARK IV is a 64 pg. booklet of drawings, fotos, and news taking off from last year's raid on the gay "Slave Auction" — for which 4 people still face felony charges (RFM Products, Box 1025, Glendora, CA 91740, $10 + $1 postage — proceeds over $300 supposedly to go to the Mark IV defense or to gay groups selling it). The cover has a whip-wielding, leather-strapped "S" yanking a pretzeline "M" along by his cock 'n balls. The three real raunchy stories and pics inside take it from there. Hot stuff, not all original, and maybe not the best PR for the defendants who'll be in court when this issue is out . . .

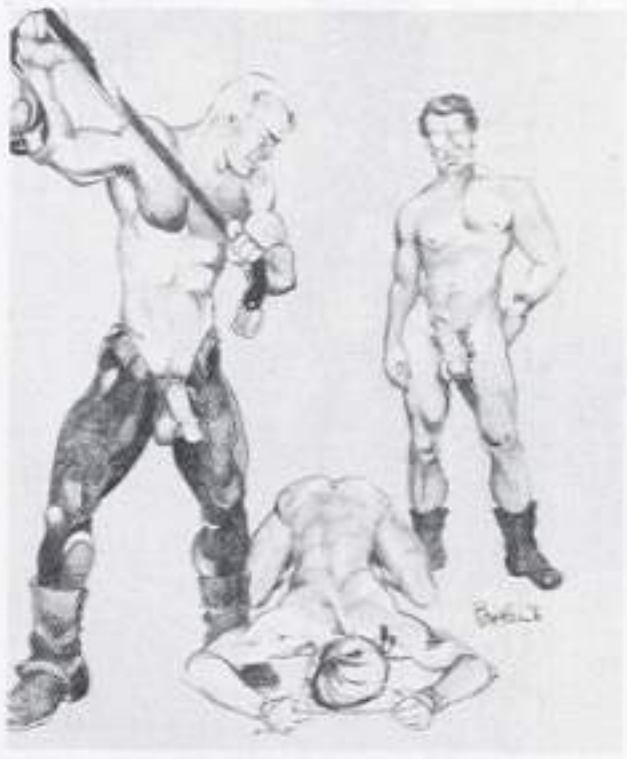
Marco Vassi stands almost alone among writers of erotic fiction in his profound but unobstrusive commentary on high flights of sex fantasy and his sharp, easy descriptions of astonishingly varied sex action. *THE METASEX MANIFESTO* (Bantam Books, 212 pgs., $1.95; or hardback *METASEX, MIRTH & MADNESS)* is among his best — 22 stories and essays, not all gay all exciting. Some appeared first in *Penthouse, Gay, Oui,* or *Screw.*

"Sex is a key to doorways of knowing. For me it has been a yoga through which new qualities of self evolved. Like the alchemist who works with a potion for decades and in the process brings about a transmutation of his essence, I spent all my conscious life since the age of eight mixing elements in the crucible of sex, sifting enormous amounts of material to produce a few grams of pure substance. I had fucked or been fucked by over 500 different women, and twice that many men, in circumstances ranging from brief graspings in alleys and whorehouses to long relationships. I had gone through all the possible scenarios. And with a suddenness of total change, I became a different kind of person."

His description of the N.Y. Trucks scene is white hot and most perceptive. He explores super-butch gay sex with Wm. Burroughs' brilliant economy, a single well-turned phrase often gives readers the charge which other writers try to wring out of laborious descriptions of fleshly shafts moving endlessly thru corrugated inner passages, or pages of grunts and schlurps.

Vassi is a sharp observer with wide experience. He catches significance without bogging down in phoney objectivism. He is never detached — one always feels his juices flowing, feels the solar fire of his mind, and the joy of his humor. There are several wild little fantasies: into the mind of a post-operative transsexual who hoped to make love to a man without feeling queer (she gets a big surprise); "Subway Dick," a marvelous spoof on hetero-focused entrapment; "Land of the Sperm King," an exquisite Shangri-La parable which deflates the Chinese reds . . .

His accounts of fistfucking and such specialities are unsurpassed. Gay readers should read the hetero-focus parts too; you'll find androgynous coinage in strange places. But the core's in his essays, "Beyond Bisexuality" and "The Metasex Manifesto," making interesting distinctions between sex for its own sake and sex as babymaking. Vassi is above all a prophet of diversity and inventiveness in the search for sexual pleasures . . .



From **The Mark IV**

THE ART OF PIERCED PENISES & Decorative Tattoos ($5, Calston Industries, Box 5034, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413, 52 pgs.,) is small but choice, and obviously for specialized tastes only. Story is so-so, but many good fotos, with a variety of body restraints and decorations, chains inserted into the nut-sac, padlocks or rings piercing nipples, foreskin or even the cockshaft or head. Some of the piercings are very extreme, and the whole idea will doubtless give most readers the screaming meemies. If you've never dreamed of having your tattooed prickhead pierced by a big ring and chained to your navel, avoid this one.

But if fantasies of having an inhaler thru your earlobe, or your lover's, or seeing a pierced foreskin chained to the wall, or sucklike variations is your picnic basket (even if maybe you wouldn't actually like to do it) then this is a well-illustrated guide to far-out tripping.

Adult bookstores seemed shy on gay novels for awhile, but many new series have appeared. We focus on the sophisticated recent fuckbooks from ever-faithful Greenleaf (7325 Raytheon Rd., San Diego, CA 92111), which pioneered the field from their campy mid-'60s styles (the risque heyday of Don Holliday) to the still-in-print classic *SONG OF THE LOON* and its sequels, pioneering the more robust style now favored. Greenleaf, meanwhile, has borne the brunt of defending erotic fiction against federal and scattered censors.

DIRT ROAD COUSINS is a whimsical idyll of a Mississippi lad's visit with rural cousins. Sex is lively and continuous as the 15-year-old hero fucks and sucks his way lovingly thru six virile cousins, an uncle, many neighbor boys and two tattooed circus men. The book's only small pecker belongs to an 11-year-old, even it called "big for his age." Insatiable appetite and well-sustained adolescent innocense . . .

THE BOY MASTER, out earlier, is heavy meat. A strong cover painting promises heavy B&D, and the opening stirs the blood with a 14-year-old's rough abduction and brutal initiation in an unamed master's dungeon. Hard punishment and humiliation sex galore, with many role-reversals. The dialogue mostly rings true and the narration moves huskily with little turn-off Latinate terminology. (Tastes differ, and some still turn on to descriptions from Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis.*)

The plotting gets nearly as fucked up as do the slaveboys. Readers are kept guessing who "the man" is, and on pg. 17 "the man" goes home from his stable of boys to wife and daughter. An inconsistent ending is left unexplained. Otherwise the story grinds out its passionate beatings, fuckings and ball-stretchings, spirited punishment for two who deserve it, more yet for one who likes it, and final relief for two freed slaves.

But, we're expected to believe that none of the captives would try escaping their hated captivity despite many chances, despite most being neither M's nor gay, just because "the man" took compromising fotos of them . . .

Good sex yarns need delicate balance. Scenes must be zestful, con-

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vincing, imaginative and written in appropriate lingo. The story needs either to be fine fantasy or fully believable. It's not true that readers don't give a damn about consistency. *THE BOY MASTER* is strong on zest, fair on sound description, but weak on credibility. A good read, but for many readers, distressingly close to Houston's Corll horror in 1973 . . .

S & M STAR is a fine example of language which remarkably fits. The stories are too often written in stilted high school-English-teacher style or worse, Latin-teacher style), which is fine if the protagonist teaches something like that.

A 20-year-old begins, "My life has been one long search for the perfect fuck." He then tells how at age 8 he and an older brother serviced a horny-drunk sailor their mother had passed out on. This delightful seduction moves nicely to climax:

"Have you ever stuck the whole end of a garden hose in your mouth and then turned the water on full force? Well, try it, and you will find out what it was like. That boy hunched his butt up, curling his back, and blew a fuckin' load of fuck juice into my mouth. He let go with a load that was so goddam big and hot, it fuckin' squirted out of my nose! I was swallowing it as fast as I could, but I was only getting about a tenth of it down. The rest of it was mostly spewing out of the corners of my mouth and running down his knob to where Eddie's busy mouth was lappin it up as fast as it came . . ."

With such a start, you know that when our hero graduates to getting fucked regular onstage in a gay club, it's gotta to good . . .

STUD JOINT, set in San Diego, has a fairly butch cover, but runs more to the nelly style popular awhile back. We start with lovers (a gas co. worker and a hairdresser) going thru the motions of a 20-pg. fuck in flowery language, building up to one orgasm. Then, in the unstud like bar, each patron gets a chapter: something for everybody. The cop sequence is exceptional: a bust turns into a believable blow . . .

BEAT THE MAN DOWN starts as if the author collected sexy lines on file cards and jumbled them — but that clears up quickly. A hot yarn about a masculinely handsome, super-competent hustler's effortless rise in the show biz world, and the fatal weakness of a rock singer who loved him but couldn't face being gay. The plot progresses as easy as walking up stairs (few gay hardcore writers handle conflict convincingly), but the sex scenes are very punchy, very butch. And after that opening passage, the narrative style is efficiently sexy too.

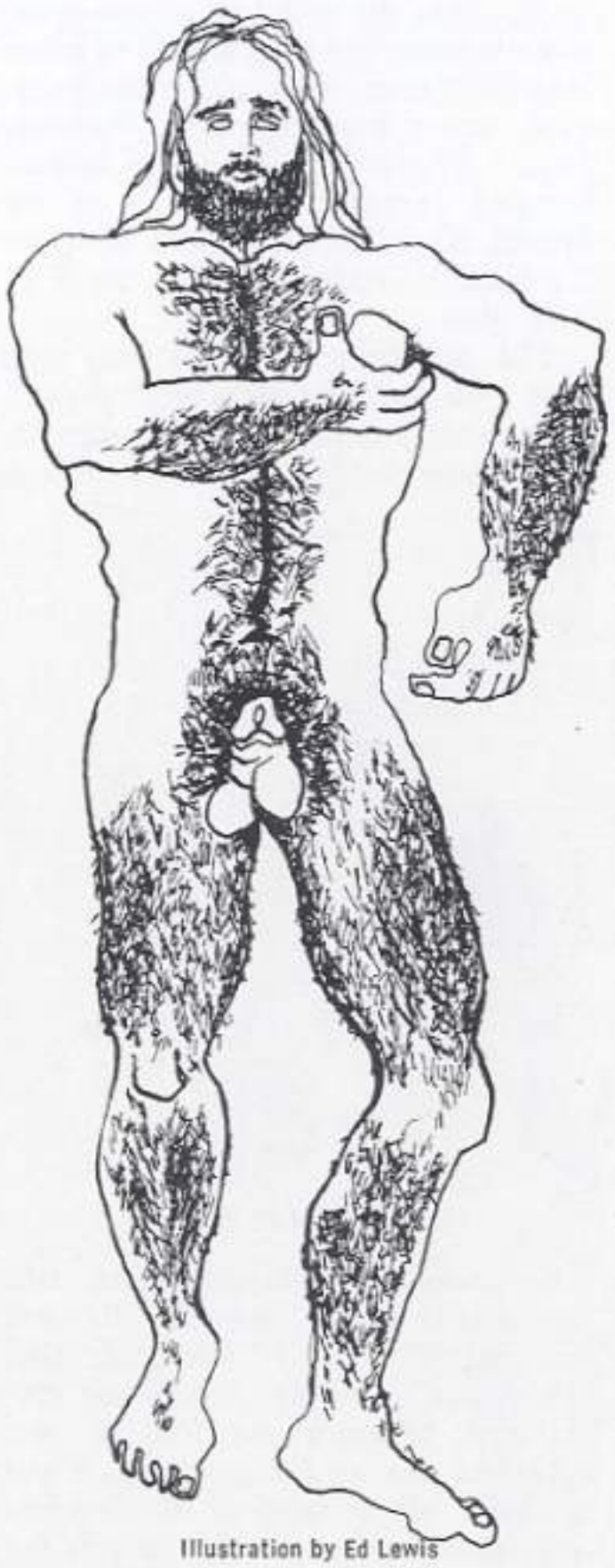


Illustration by Ed Lewis

MACHO MAN is one of those rare ones that almost lifts itself above the hackneyed genre — and conflict is the essence here. It's about a blocked writer who inherits a trailer and some isolated New Mexico desert land. Blockaded and harassed by a hateful Chicano family, he's forced to sue for access rights, finds himself without allies in an explosive situation. The terror of his real situation is fully matched by the masochist fantasies which explode from his typewriter, generally wadded up on the floor:

"Arms, like slippery tentacles, entwine him, pull him down; a hot, visceral heat seems to surround him. Staring at broad bands of leather which bind him, flesh puffing around the straps painfully, his body tenses, expectant, as furry wet tongues lick, send warm shivers through him, burrow into his asshole, and teeth gnaw his erect cockflesh. As he opens lips to shout, not from pain but joy, a mammoth cock is rammed in his mouth, fetid, pungent-smelling, head slimed with come . . ."

The family is more than he can cope with, in fantasy or raping reality. He is hardpressed between the nationalist matriarch, the seductive lunatic boy, the brutally handsome boy and one Anglo in the family. Sexual tension runs high, descriptions are excellently realistic, and the sexual quality of racial enmity is sharply exploited —

BROTHERS IN BONDAGE suffers from sloppy edges. Heavy scenes carelessly tied together, a fine instinct for the emotional tension of rough sex passion, and a tendency to describe fucking as if he were a longwinded physiologist fumbling inside the penetrated anal passages.

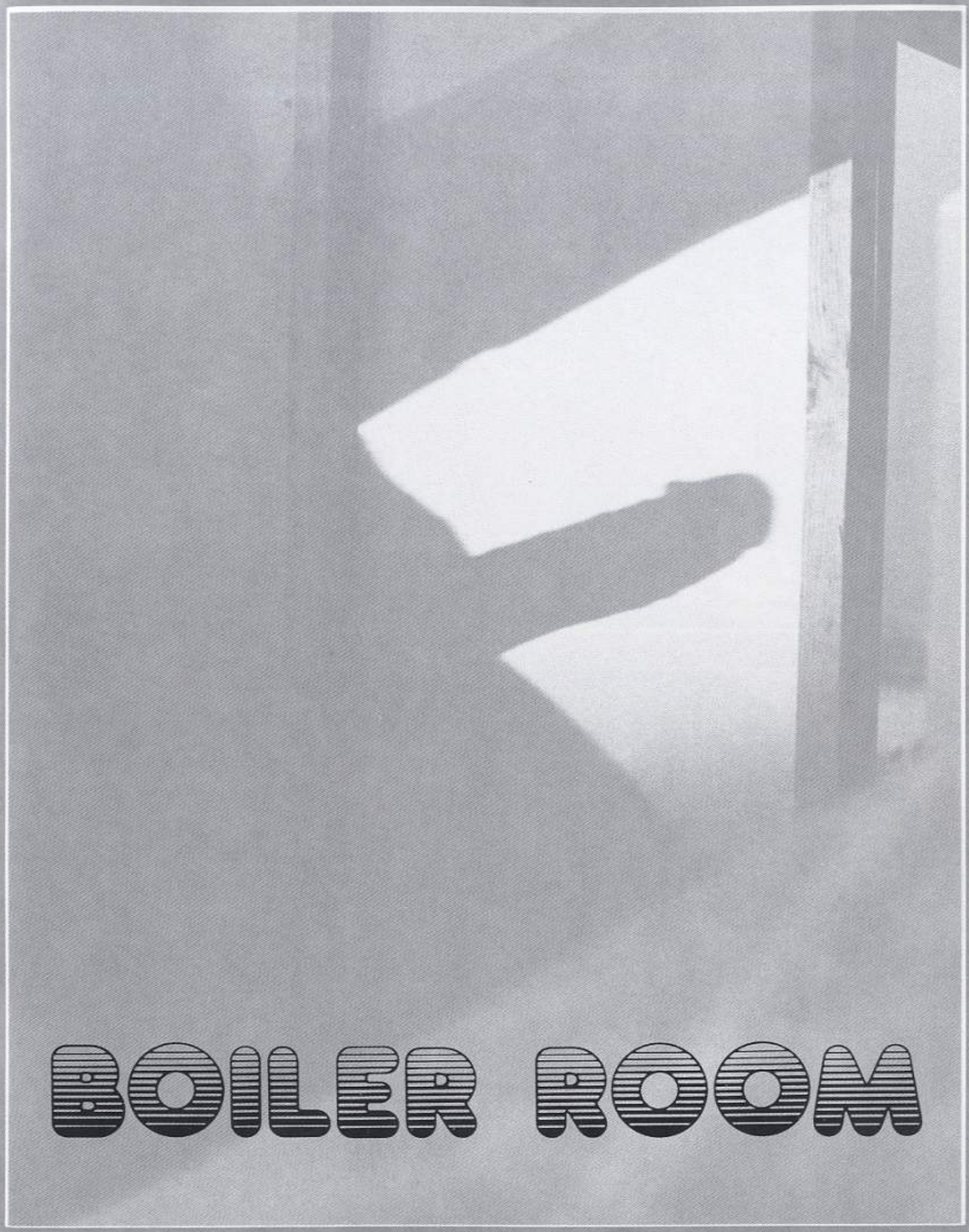
WELL HUNG is an inventive tale of a 20-year-old surfer, jailed for jacking off with minors. Natural language and groovy scenes flash back to carryings-on on the beach, fucking another surfer through a tear in his black wetsuit, a visit to a downtown porno pic where he jo's and golden showers over the balcony. Hitchhiking, he's picked up for a foto session before one of those one-way mirrors. Dropping his surfboard, he shatters the mirror, exposing an audience of four — one of whom turns out to be his judge.

THE GREEK WAY continues with the hustler we met in the classic, *STUD*, who's now working in a S.F. studhouse, and doing some hot things mostly with other members of the staff, like getting an expert toe job, or giving a fistfuck to the same guy:

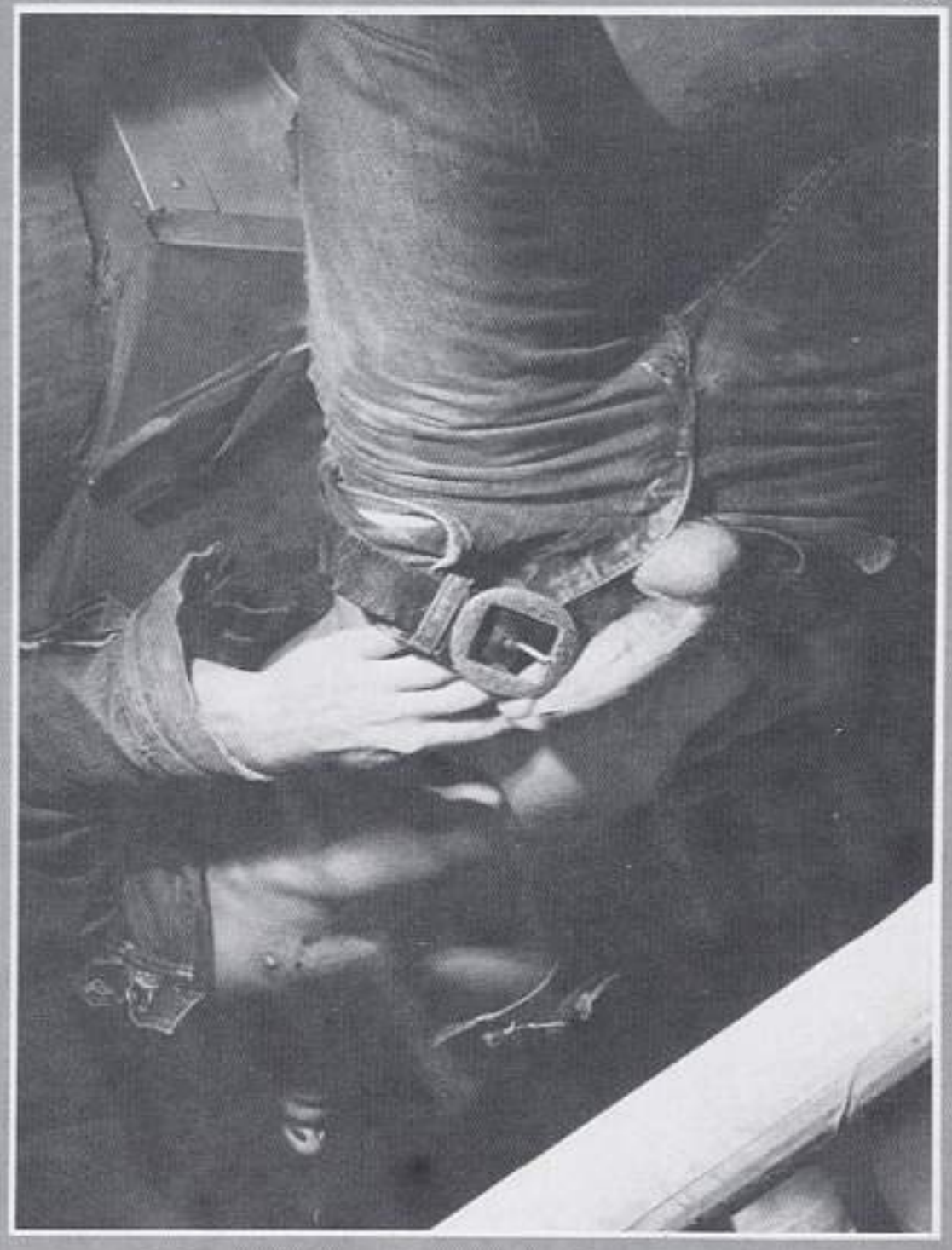
". . . The popper hit him about ten seconds before it did me. In the meantime, I stuck my cock up alongside the inside of my right wrist and slipped it in. He groaned again but I paid no attention. My cock moved slowly in beside my wrist until I felt the crown of it in my palm, and then I began slowly to jack myself off with my fingertips. The popper was making him writhe, and when it hit me I was not sure I could stand up. With my hand and wrist still inside I masturbated myself faster, gradually lowering my body until my right ear was resting on his belly. The amyl flickered a hundred fantasies through my head . . ."

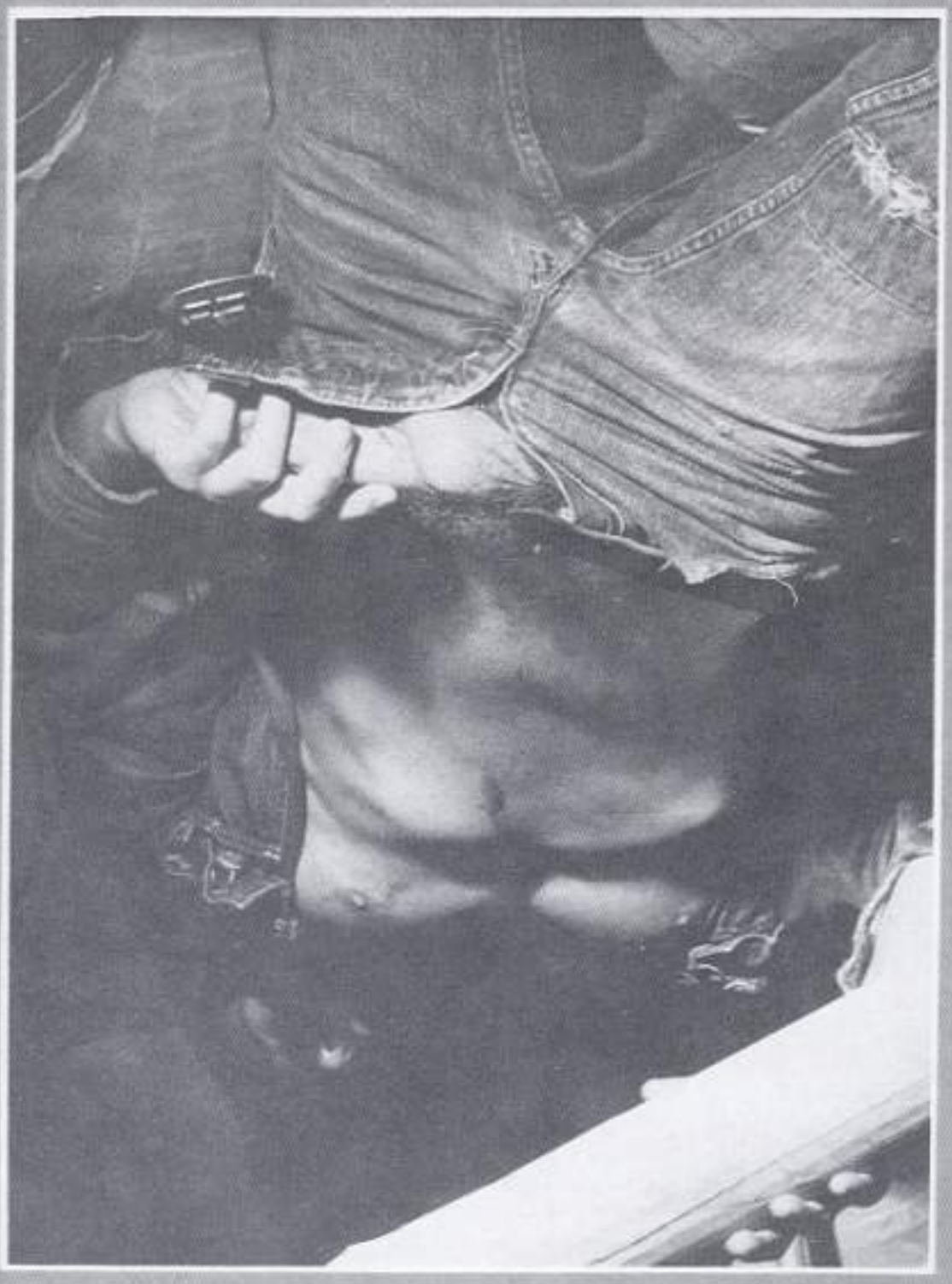
The author is more interested in subtle dimensions of offbeat characters than the panting, put-on sex scene, but that only adds to his quality of high eroticism.

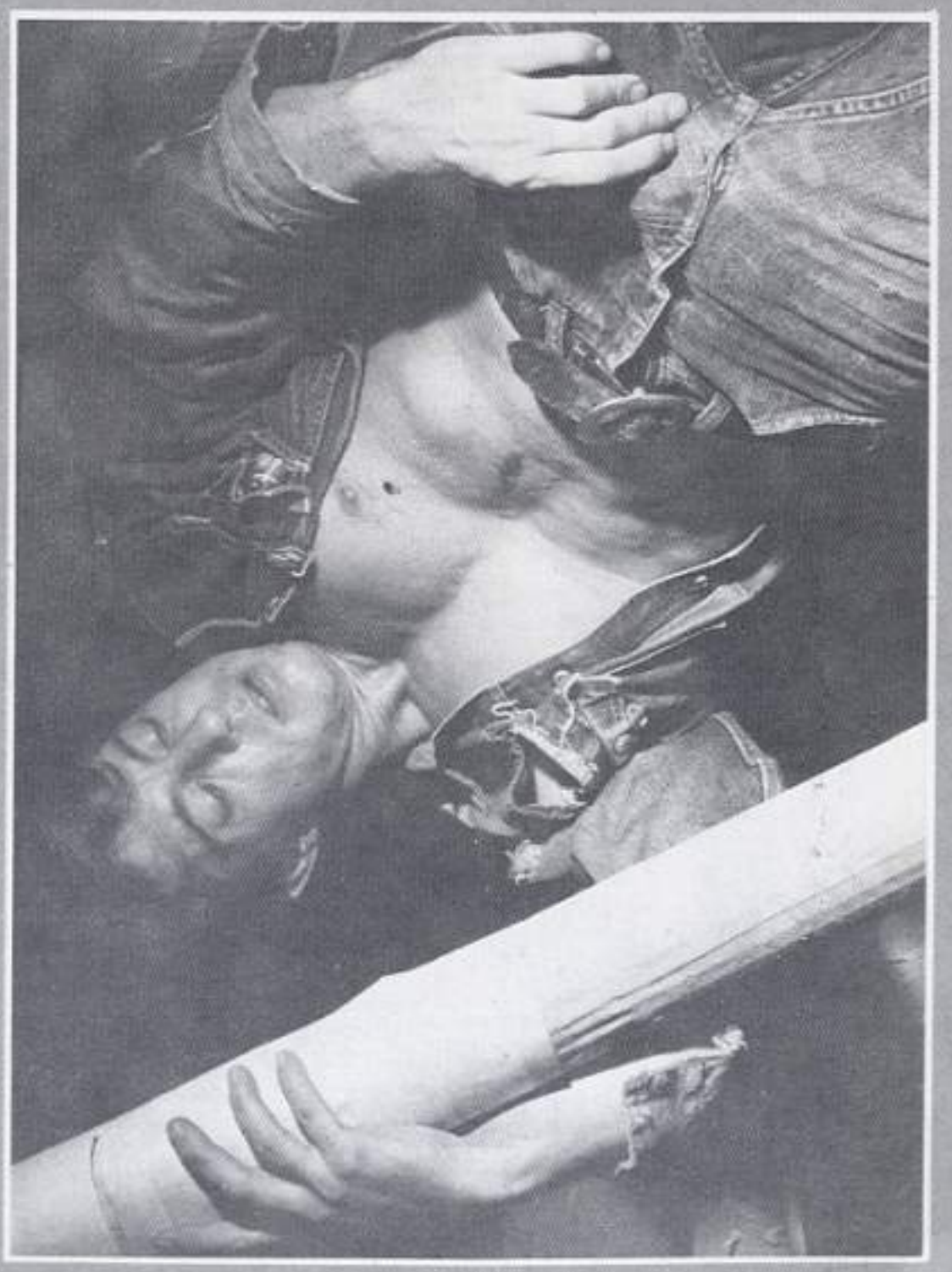
—Lyn Pedersen

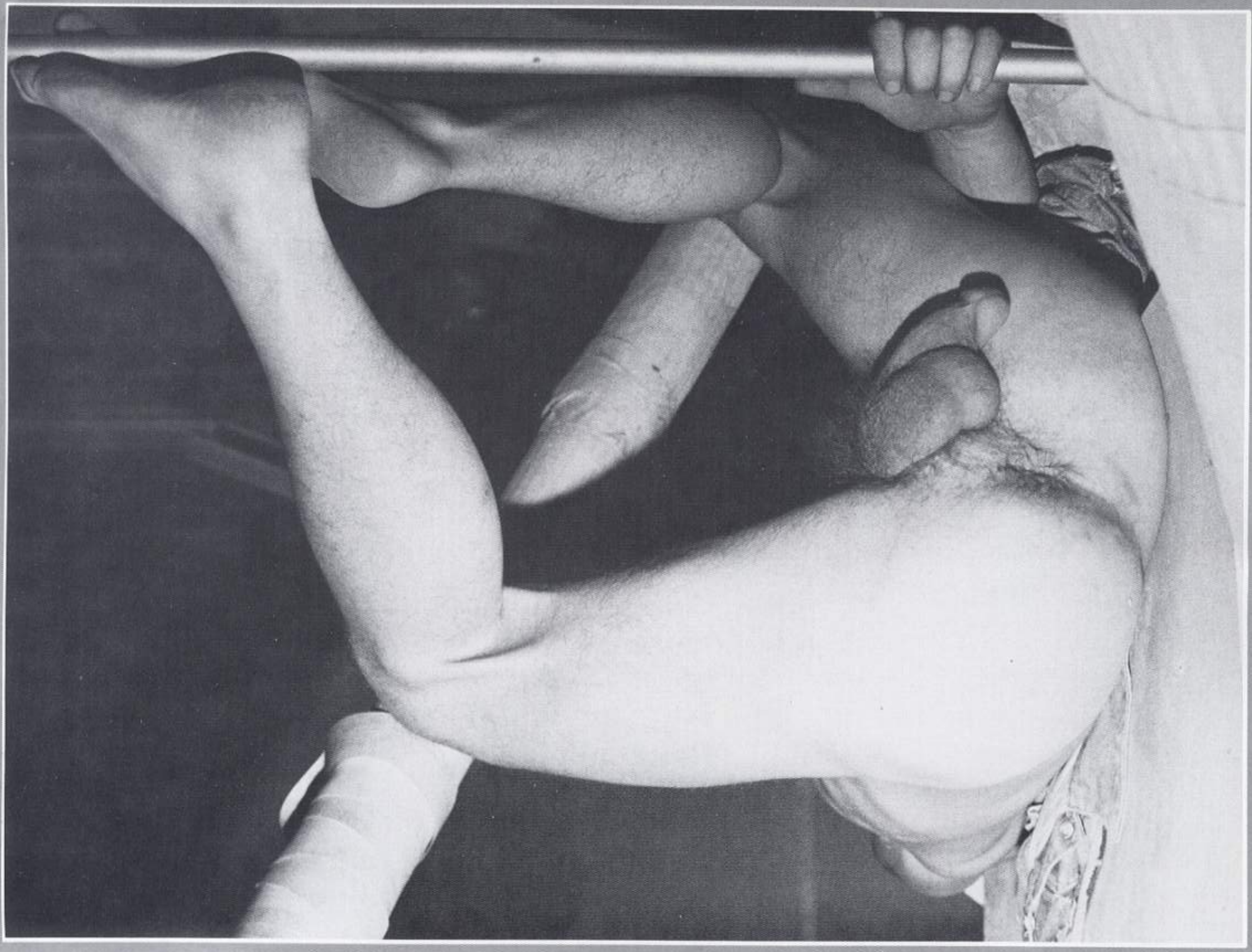


Photography by HY CHASE

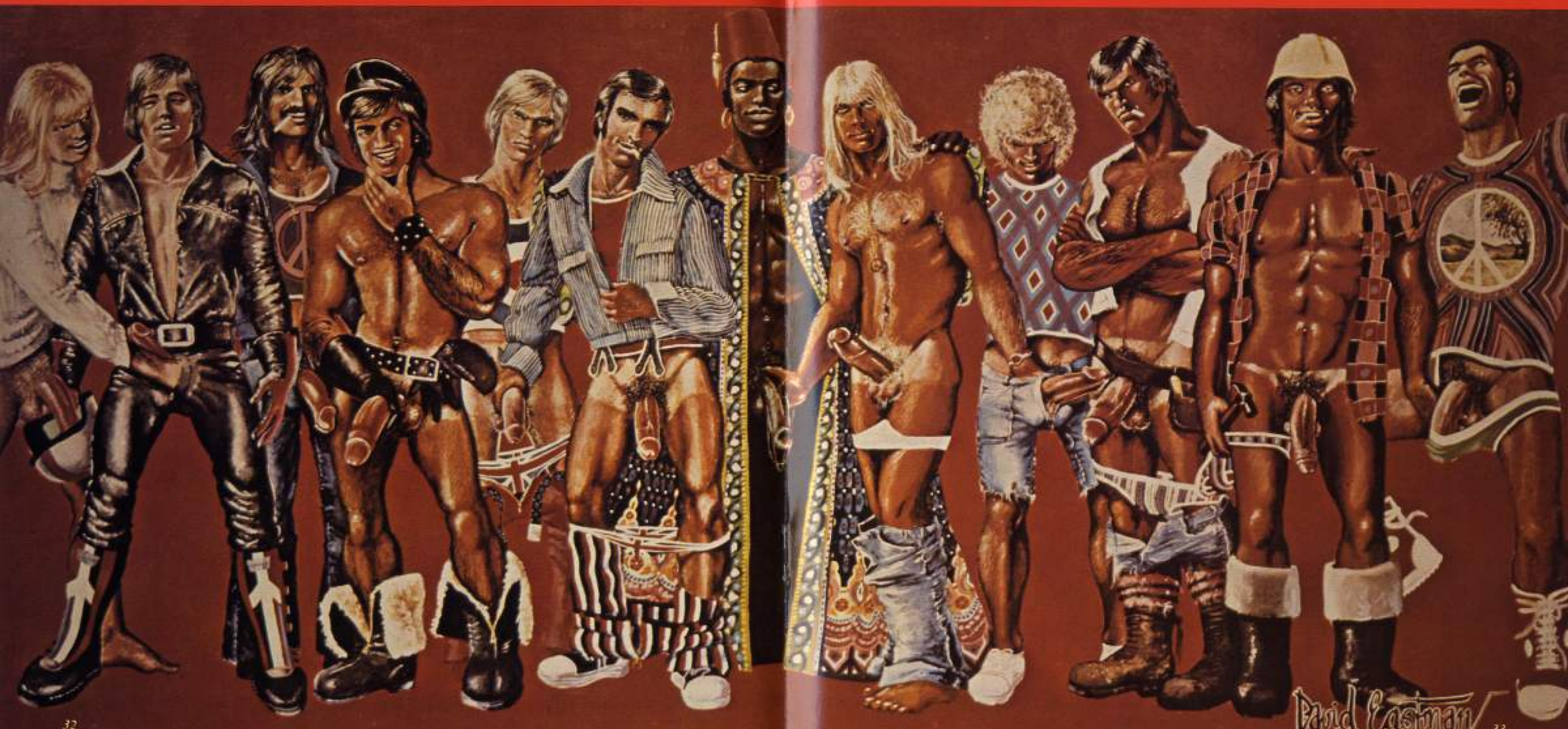








Erotic Eastman



Towards a better world for gay guys" is the motto of our good friends at Euro-Spartacus in Amsterdam, makers of the best-known gay guide in the world today. That motto's sure carried out in the erotic art of David Eastman, which is handled exclusively by Spartacus, and heats up our preceding centerfold and on this page. Eastman's vision of international friendship (and how!) was so inspiring we had to give it to you in living color — but if you want it bigger than life in poster form (or any of Eastman's art) — you can write them for details (Spartacus, P.O. Box 3496, Amsterdam, Holland). You'll see more of Eastman's work in future issues of *IN HEAT* and *Spartacus* editor John Stamford tells us Eastman's at work on a series of magazines similar to his famous work in *Kake*, and if that's any indication of what's to come, we'll keep you *IN HEAT* all right!

Photo by Layne Nielson

BALLS

Photo by Layne Nielson

Photo by John M. Cox Jr.

BALLS

By BARRY LOY

'A Confession from the Minority: The Gonadophile'

Say *testes* out loud: *Tess-tees.* Again. *Tess-tees.* Savor the deliciousness of its sound. *Tess-tees.* The resonance barely works the tongue. *Tess,* the tongue brushing first the roof of the mouth; *tees,* the tongue lowering, then rising, every so lightly, gently, easily, ever so slightly.

Shameful it is, indeed, that this appurtenance, the versatile tongue, this titilating tickler, this manipulating erogenous prober of the *physique erotic,* whether it be frenching, rimming, or lapping all over, should be shackled within its oral confines because of a word. Better it maneuvering itself around two heavy testicles hanging low and weighty in a free-falling, flaccid sac suspended and swinging between two muscular standing legs.

Say after me: *testicles. Tess-tee-cullls.* Say *testicular. Tess-tic-u-larrr.* Imagine, if you will, a testicular lollypop. You are prone below it. Gradually it is lowered until —

You are reading part of a continuing account of my search for what I consider will be The Perfect Ones — TPO. Call them what you will. Whatever handle turns you on.

Some call them "chestnuts". Others prefer "marshmallows". I don't care for either. I profess a fondness for "nuts". Not "chestnuts". Just "nuts".

The phrase "the family jewels" is out. Not far out but "down and out" out. Like never. Some call them cojones or huevos. Either is okay as long as we are speaking of the same thing.

The medically-oriented and the I-don't-give-a-damns will say "the male reproductive glands" or "testicles." Gonads? Fine, on occasion. I sometimes find myself saying, in a tone of lustful awe, "Look at the size of them gonads on that stud over there," said stud having been observed at a nude beach or in the tubs.

I like "balls". I call 'em as I see 'em. Webster says a ball is "a round or roundish body or mass," the word "mass" connoting large amounts of pendulous weight and overflowing handfuls of testicular heaviness. Add a ball and Webster recognizes testes, but "balls," he notes is "often considered vulgar." So, too, is my libidinous friend Dr. P. Harvey Billingame, PhD, LLD, phallic praxeologist, late of Senlac, Sussex, who is known to publicly announce to all within earshot in such diverse places

"He's got a pair of balls that blows your ever-lovin' fuckin' mind."

as passenger elevators and library reading rooms. "He's got a pair of balls that blows your ever-lovin' fuckin' mind." I must admit, so does Billingame.

Studs who have heavy, low-slung balls never let it be known in their ads under models and masseurs in the gay papers. Ads promise buyers services by dozens of men, who are handsome, muscular, rugged, endowed, well-endowed, very well-endowed, well-hung, hung big, "hung, hung, hung," versatile, wild, uninhibited, hot and juicy, thick and uncut, super-thick and mouth watering, "big stick shifted and ready to rear end," hunky and humpy. They have "hot meat and nice biceps, good face and great triceps." One is a black muscleman "with a big bulging jock." Another "rides like a stallion." Doesn't anyone have a loose bag with a couple of balls big as bull's balls hanging down full and large between his legs?

One night in L.A.'s legendary Goliath's (one of a half-dozen bars that offered nude go-go boys) there was a new addition to its one-performer-at-a-time chorus line—a stud with such massive balls I thought I'd found, at long last, TPO. He was short of the enormous cock most guys want, but who wants the big whang when the over-weighted scrotum cries out for relief and begs succor from a tongue wet with spittle to moisten its satin, softly bristled skin?

From the crowd, he picked me out and when he'd finished dancing, he came over.

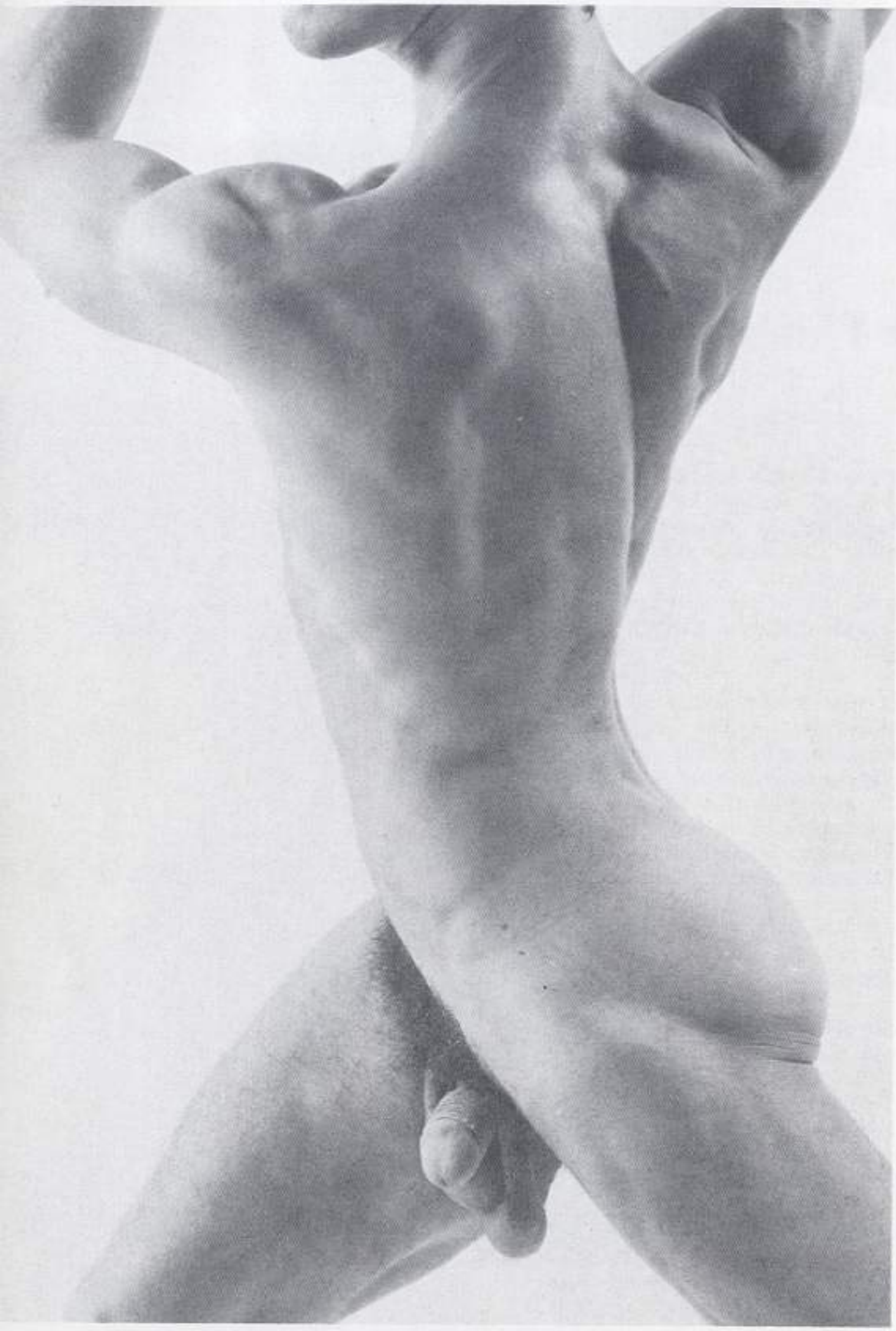
"You have one of the biggest pair of balls I've ever seen," I said quickly.

"You've got them," he said. "They're yours." So easy, so fast. My body quivered with charges of sexual expectation. I was weak with desire. I wanted him. Nothing must tamper with my virile maleness acquiescence and its tingles of being "in heat."

We stripped quickly like two lightning flashes together behind the locked door of his apartment — his task made easy since he wore no shorts which allowed his gonadal massiveness a free-floating spread that added further solidness to the congestion of his already over-stuffed crotch.

He asked me to lie on his bed while he went to the kitchen, and I watched his heavy balls swing against his thighs as he walked away, first on one thigh, then on the other. They created a slapping sound when they struck his legs. His tight muscular buns were like two loaves of bread rising round and flawless from the yeast's reaction to a warm kitchen cupboard.

He returned with a candle and a box of kitchen matches. He lit the candle and held it flame-downward at an angle over my balls. Immediately drops of hot wax fell on my



"... I have felt the gonadal banging of many a bullnutted 18-year-old with low-hangers against my willing and receptive buns."

sensitive skin.

"What in hell are you doing?" I shouted, leaping up.

"All right, all right," he said, extinguished the flame.

Believeing he had finished his macabre exercise, I returned to the bed. No sooner said and done, he struck another match and set one of my pubic hairs on fire.

"What in hell are you doing?" I shouted the second time.

His eyes narrowed and he had a sinister, wicked smile.

"I'm going to burn all the hair off your balls, one by one," he announced gleefully.

"Like hell you are," I yelled, and I got up and put on my clothes and quickly left before he could pour gasoline on me, ignite it and blow *both* of us up.

I later discovered that 80 percent of gay sadists enjoy slapping or pulling another guy's balls. Some 75 percent of gay masochists like having such treatment done to them. Seventy-five percent of the sadists (but only half of the m's) like the hot wax treatment.

Eighty percent of sadists and masochists enjoy tying or chaining balls or having it done to them. But only 20 percent of the m's like their nuts in a ball stretcher, while 60 percent of the sadists enjoy putting someone else's nuts in the contraption.

A friend who has a cultivated countenance that embodies malefic and menacing evil, but who is as gentle as an old bovine — his hold on people stems, it seems, from that hypnotic-type aura few people possess, Charles Manson excluded — practices the slave/master game. With remarkable success.

The last time I saw him, he was the master of a 21-year-old superbly sculptured weightlifter. One nite he brought his slave to visit. The slave spoke only when spoken to and, at his master's command, removed all his clothes. The slave then proceeded to sexually satisfy all of us, including two other friends who had dropped in unannounced. I last saw him and his master in a crowded bar some Sundays ago. The master told me to feel the slave's balls, which were far above average size. I did, and discovered the master had chained and locked them up. Several pounds of weight had been added to make them stretch. The slave enjoyed allowing his balls to be felt; he stood by himself, a smile of contented subservience on his handsome face. He knew he was on the road that led to Bigger Balls.

Balls, not the length or width of the cock, are the symbol of male virility. A cock is merely a hunk of fibrous tissue, numerous arteries and nerves, and a remarkably thin skin holding everything in place.

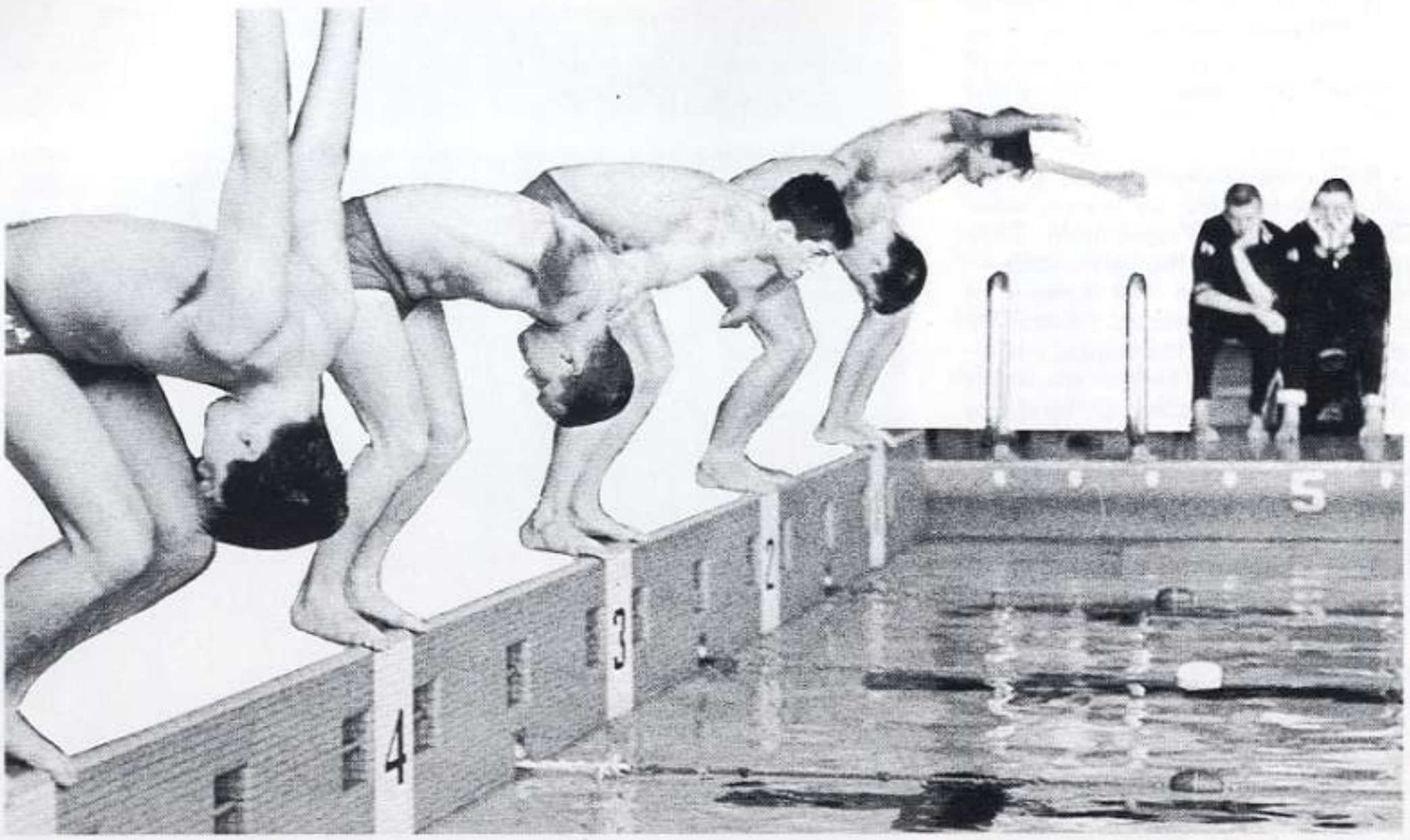
Balls, or more correctly, the gonads or testicles, are, on the other hand, the glands of masculinity. They produce and store the sperm cells — upwards of 60 to 100 million of them — in the average climax — and various male hormones, particularly testosterone (which stimulates the male metabolism), increases muscular strength, and develops secondary sex characteristics, like body hair, a deep voice, and the bigness of cock and balls. Balls vary in size from pigeon's eggs to hen's eggs. That's anywhere from the size of a nickel to a silver dollar.

If you've never experienced the gagging pleasure of holding an entire scrotum in your mouth without biting off a ball, I urge that on your next journey to the supermarket you check your adeptness by first trying eggs. Having entered the store, ask directions to the hen's egg department, pick out a specimen labeled large grade double-A, or triple-A, or whatever it is, hold it lovingly in your hand, and imagine it to be a testicle. Keep in mind the fact that you are holding only one egg and that balls normally come in pairs.

Now, put the egg in your mouth. Nicely done. That wasn't so difficult, was it? Next, select another egg. Put #2 in your mouth. Damn, tough luck. It's not so much the taste of the egg; it's crunching the shell. Try another egg. Whoops! There, on the floor. Just cover it with your foot. Pay no attention to that man who is fast approaching, shouting, and waving his arms. He's the conductor, or captain, or manager, or something like that. *My* supermarket has one of them and he is always standing by the front door whenever I simply walk by, even if I have no intention of coming in and he's always shouting and waving his arms. Tell *your* authority symbol what you are doing and invite him to join you. Then, for reasons unclear, run.

One rainy day, a few of us gonadophiles were sitting around admiring our balls. Since I know almost everything, someone asked why one ball usually hangs lower than the other. He'd been sprawled on the floor, his balls like two eggs side-by-side, sunny-side-up, gently and briefly fried — a simply beautiful scrotal strewing — and when he stood to

(continued on page 55)



INITIATION

By JACK WRANGLER

a true life adventure, told by one of our hottest new sex symbols

Prep school pools have one helluva sexy smell, more erotic than any popper I ever sniffed (and I go straight up the walls with poppers!). The rich, thick humidity pressing down on you like hot lead; the polished tile walls sweating endless swollen droplets; the lingering musky odor from hundreds of hard-muscled studs painfully churning blue-green chlorine water, lap after lap, day after day; the rank locker room wher gamy jockstraps of the hunkiest guys on campus excite the air: man that's cologne! Bottle and sell it and you've got one fucking good product!

That's where my head was the nite I hustled toward just such a pool thru the falling snow of a cold Rhode Island January. I think, I *know*, I felt apprehensive. Like maybe at any time, from out of nowhere, an icy finger would touch my shoulder and scare the piss out of me. My stomach felt queasy, and I definately had cotton-mouth. But, I decided that whatever they expected of me, whatever they planned to do to me, I *would* submit. 'Cause, you see, that would make me one of them — a man — a member of the VARSITY SWIM TEAM! And that wasn't just "a man," that was a fucking stallion! Even tho I was a Munchkin freshman, *I*, Jack Wrangler, had made the Varsity swim team that very morning, and had been ordered to be at the pool at 9:30 p.m. sharp!

Swimming. Shit, would you believe I backstroked my way thru my entire academic life? My folks had been very big on the outdoors and sports. Nobody ever slept late at our southern California home, because if you did you got a heavy case of the "guilts." We had our own pool, the kind with blue racing stripes on the bottom. This macho dude named Larry taught me to swim when I was 6, so by the time I was 12 I was earning extra bread by teaching everyone else. And my dad used to pay me a penny for every lap I swam, so I swam a *lot!* Then I'd loan the money to Mom at 10 per cent interest.

I went to a military school in Los Angeles to be on the swim team there. Come to think of it, that was the first time I found out I had a big cock. Christ, I was in the shower one day, after a heavy workout, soaping my bod, when some dopey asshole looked down at me and said "Hey, kid, you've got a hardon!"

"I do not!"

"Yeah, you sure as hell do!" This guy was really a moron.

"Hey, fella, if my dick was really hard, I couldn't handle it even with two hands, and look! Right now I can hack it with just one!" I started to prove that one demonstration is worth a thousand words of explanation, when bam! there were three hands beating my rigid cock — at

least two of them mine plus another hand pinching the tits on my soap-slicked chest.

"Hey, stud, I guess you didn't really have a hardon, after all!"

"Ter-rif-fic! What gave you your first clue?"

The town's tennis club was just across the street from the school, and I was also swimming there. My tennis game was never that overwhelming; lousy form, two-handed backhand, and all. But I was left-handed, which gave me an advantage, and I usually won, but I *looked* crummy and it wasn't really all that fair. So, it was into the pool for me! Like most guys, I liked to do what I did best. At the tennis club, besides the swimming there was the kid's "Game Room." A bunch of us would volley a few sets together, and swim a few laps together, then lock the door of the Game Room and beat off together. We didn't call it "circle jerk" then: it was just "beating meat." ("Circle jerk" always sounded to me like a Tupperware party.)

At the school, the 100-yard backstroke became my specialty. I swam competitively the regular relays and medley relays, plus breaststroke, crawl and butterfly. But good ol' backstroke worked best for me. Then the school started going down the tubes, and I was shipped off to a prep school in Rhode Island. The pits!

I hated it, and it wasn't too crazy about me, but, damn it, *they* needed swimmers and *I* had to get into college, so we formed a kind of truce: I could fuck off as much as I wanted as long as I wiped out everybody else in the pool. (I don't know why colleges always cream over that "Preppy" image. Prep schools are all alike: lots of ivy and saltpeter, girls bused in from Greenwich, Connecticut, and hopeless professors eternally in the closet.)

Anyway, I got into the school only because I could swim. (Four years later I got into a university "only because I could swim." My whole life has been redundant.) They put me on the Junior Varsity first, but zapped me up to Varsity when *the* backstroke jock was expelled for putting a rubber over a plastic statue of the Virgin Mary in the Biology professor's car. And a freshman on the Varsity team was really something! Everybody was impressed, especially me. At last I was working out with the "big guys!" I've always liked working out with the "big" guys — it's a trait of mine.

That same afternoon I had my usual three-hour workout, starting

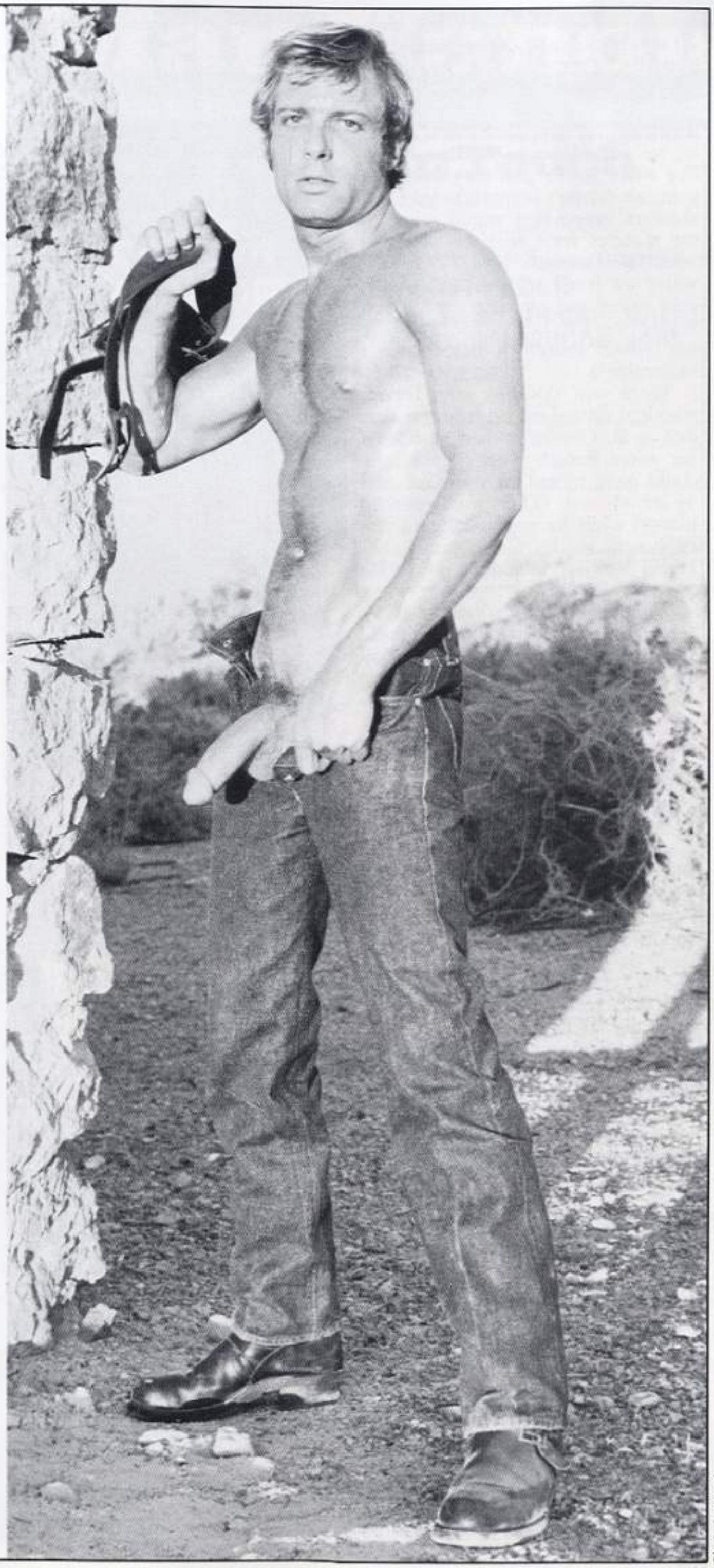


Photo by Hy Chase

with 20 laps of the pool crawl, then 20 laps backstroke, 20 breast and 20 butterfly. That was just the warm-up. You know, "get the kinks out." Then the coach worked with us individually on things like turns. Finally, we started racing for time. (Just like when you're pumping iron at a gym, we weren't allowed to take hot showers 'cause that would relax all the muscles we'd been building. So when we weren't actually in the water we froze our asses. Cold air, cold water and starting guns which scared the shit out of me were the big three things I hated about swimming!)

There was this one guy, David, who had turned me on from my first day at St. George's when he loaned me some Scotch Tape. Christ, *he* could have turned *anybody* on, and he usually did. (Once a guy sucked him off while he was making a cherry bomb in the Cehmistry Lab!) David was an incredible jock! He reeked S-E-X!

We students were supposed to be seen around the campus in these stupid blue blazers and ties. You know that scene. But, whatever *David* was wearing he always managed to be coming out of, in one way or another. His "regulation" tie was never tied, and three or four buttons of his shirt were usually missing, revealing his muscular chest. That was his "formal" dress. The second he hit the dorm, the shirt was peeled completely off. Then, while bullshitting with the other guys, his long-fingered right hand would slither over that washboard stomach, playing with the thin line of soft brown hair that ran from his taut belly to the bulging contours of his super-stud pecs.

David had sandy brown hair, a ruggedly strong face, sparkling blue eyes, and an easy half-smile — as if he were secretly acknowledging some private joke. Everybody liked David. Exerybody wanted to *be* David. And David *loved* being David, almost as much as I dug being *Wrangler*. He and I stalked that campus like a couple of panthers, the walking wet dreams of the whole student body.

"Hey, Jack, *big* doin's tonight. Y' want in?"

"David, you cocksucker, the last time you said that you painted big spots all over my dick, said it was some strange East Coast disease from corn-holing Rhode Island Reds, and had the whole fucking campus quarantined for six weeks!"

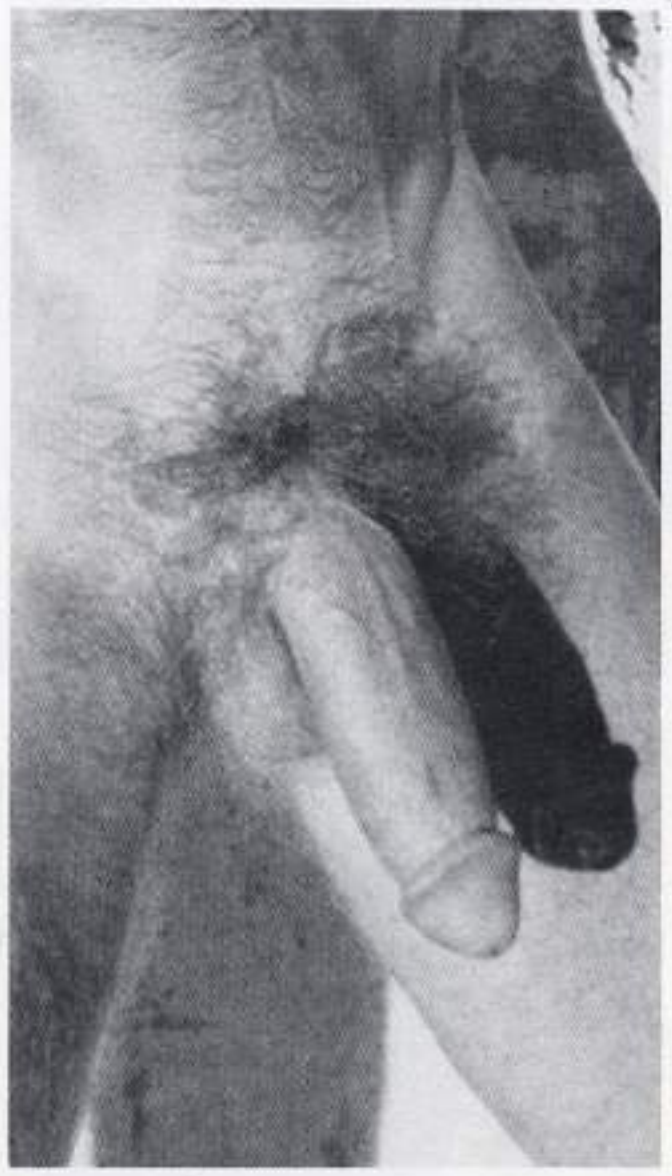
"Naw, babe. This one's legit. The Varsity's gonna meet at 9:30 for a little 'workout' of our own. And we *all* request the pleasure of your company."

"That sounds like a command."

"It is!"

"I'll be there!"

So there I was, obediently trudging through the damply enclosed rampways that ran from building to building on the way to the pool, my blue swim briefs in one hand, my other hand massaging the lengthening prick in my Levis. The thought of being alone at night with all those hunky guys in that steaming hot room, windows fogged against the icy snow outside, really went straight



to my groin — even though I feared they might serve me up on a community platter.

I heard the husky sound of teenage voices and the familiar splashing of water as I entered the room. Two guys were in the pool, and four others were either lounging against the wall or sitting on the diving board.

"Hey, there's the new recruit! Hustle your ass over here, tiger!" said Eric, a blonde Nordic type, big-boned, with wide lats and thick slabs of muscles on his arms and legs.

"Welcome to the animal farm!" shouted Tony, a dark-haired, dark-eyed hustler-type as he pulled a sweatshirt over his head. The chest he uncovered was lithe, chiseled, hairless.

"Thanks," I said, offering my hand.

Nobody took it, which made me feel sort of dumb.

"Hey, the kid said 'thanks!' He's got manners! Now, isn't that just as cute as all hell?" The scream came from Bill, a big hulking giant with a waterlogged brain.

"Cut the crap, Bill, or I'll shove my fat shaft into your empty head!" Bill said "thanks."

Then David came in, his bare chest gleaming with sweat, a towel slung over his broad shoulder. He was toying ominously with a tube of Brylcreem. There were three more studs with him, bringing the total to 10.

"Pete, lock the door! Let's get this little party underway!" David cupped my chin in his hand like a vise. "Get ready, little freshman. Tonight you become a *man!*"

The two guys in the water swam over to the side. I looked down and saw that they were both bareass, which was no big thing, but they both had roaring hardons, which were two big things. One was idly stroking the other's rod underwater, and my own cock suddenly felt like it was gonna pop my Levi buttons. David had dropped his towel and the Brylcreem, and, without even releasing my chin, slid his free hand inside the rough material of his pants and coaxed himself into a threatening 11-incher.

"Well, fella, it looks like you're beginning to turn on my boys, here." I looked around and saw Eric, Tony, Bill, and the rest of the Varsity jocks stripping down to shiny tight buns and hot monster pricks. "Maybe you should helpp them out."

With that, David led me by the chin to the edge of the water and pushed me in, clothes and all. As I took the plunge I heard a series of splashes behind me and immediately groping hands, slick muscular bodies and big hard dicks were all over me, pulling off my sweatshirt and Levis and ripping my jockey shorts to shreds. Stripped and fighting mad, swallowing gallons of water, I came up for the third time and saw David still standing at the edge of the pool over this nest of piranhas, his elephant wang now protruding menacingly through his open Levis. He spit on his hand and rubbed the sticky liquid slowly over the rigid tool as he watched the action, a glazed expression in his eyes.

I went under again as I was dragged into the shallow end of the pool and then hoisted up onto Eric's slippery shoulders, hard dick and balls pressed against his neck. Immediately, Tony vaulted onto Bill's shoulders, and David shouted the command.

(continued on page 62)

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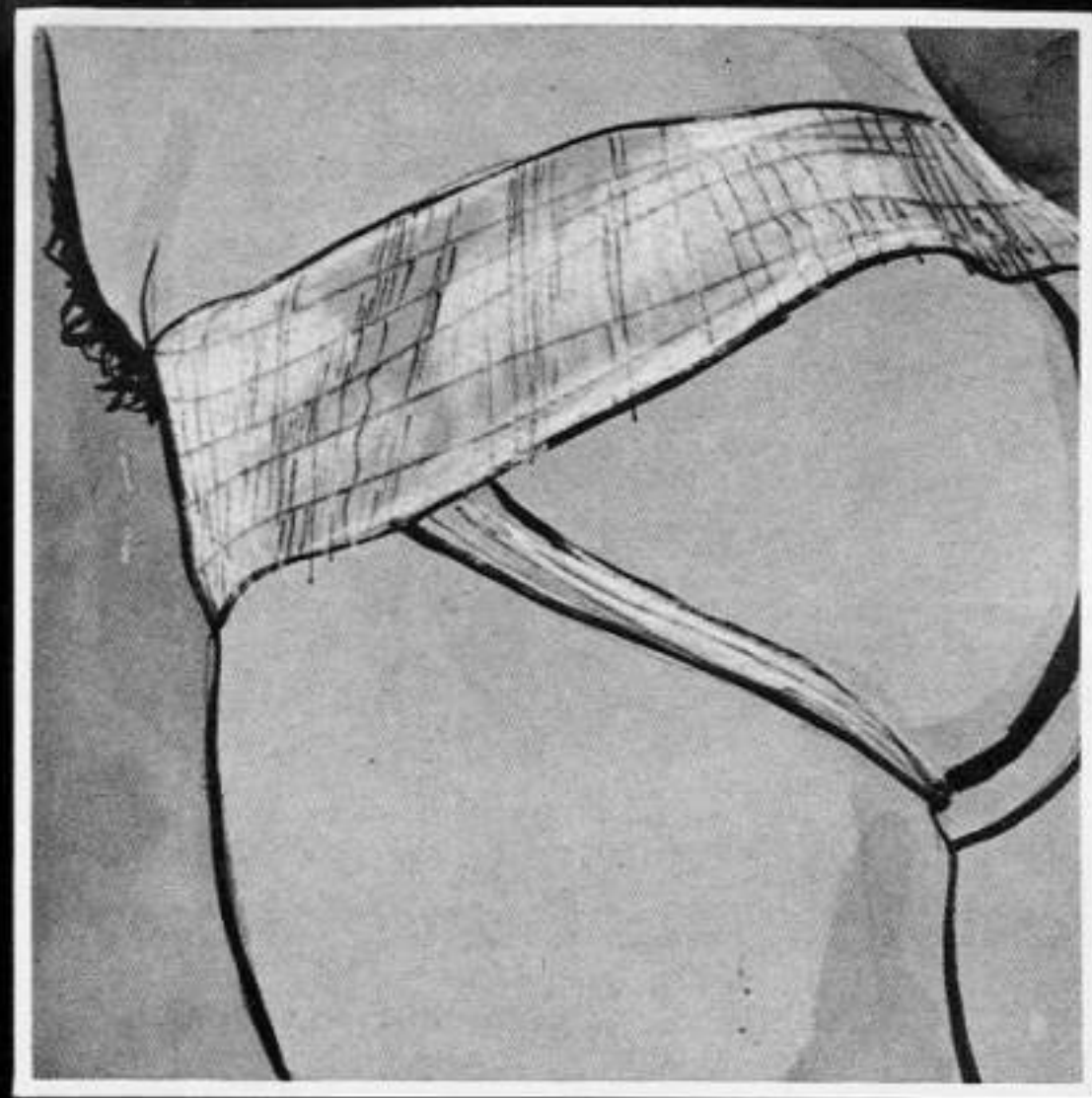
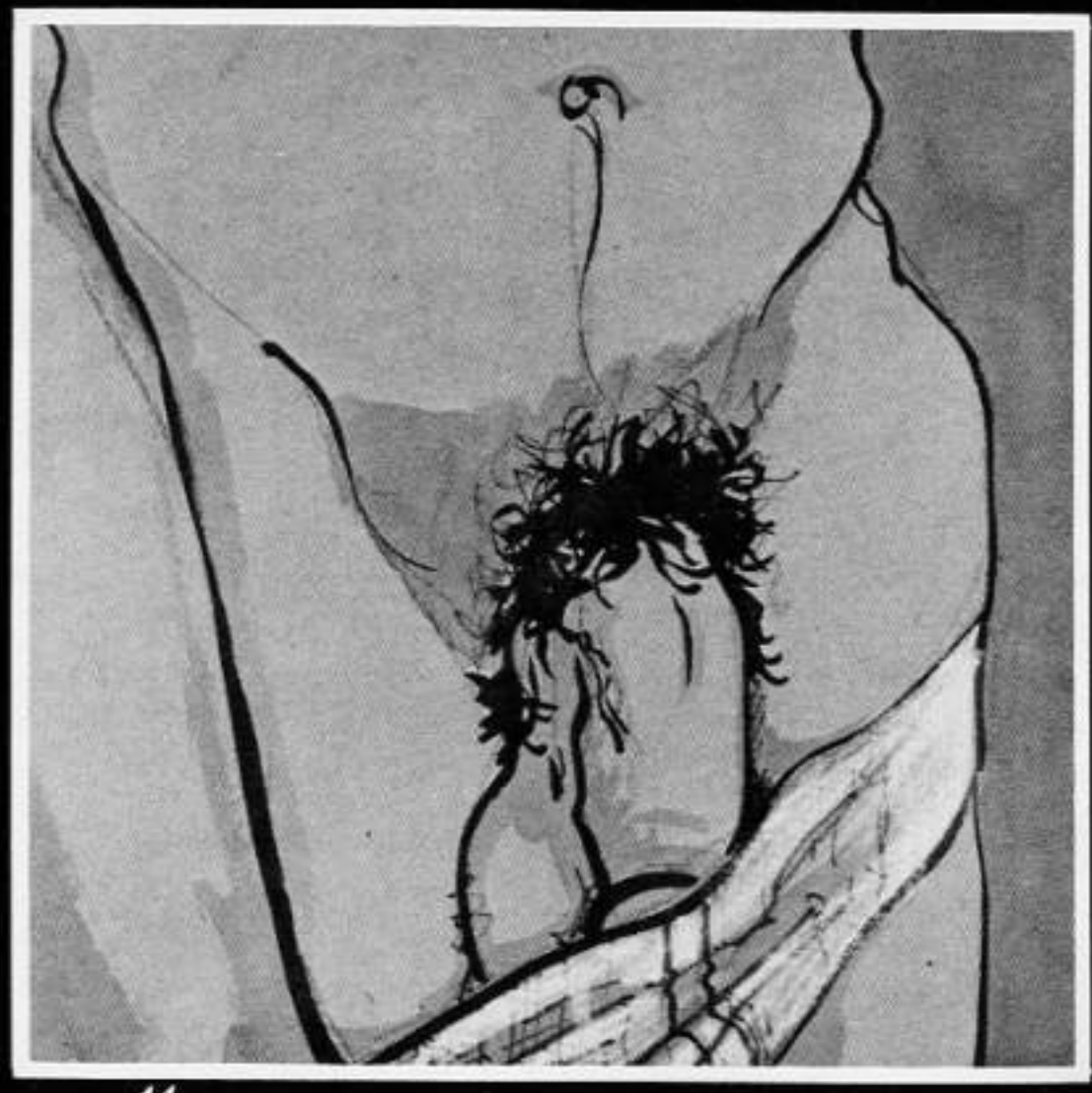
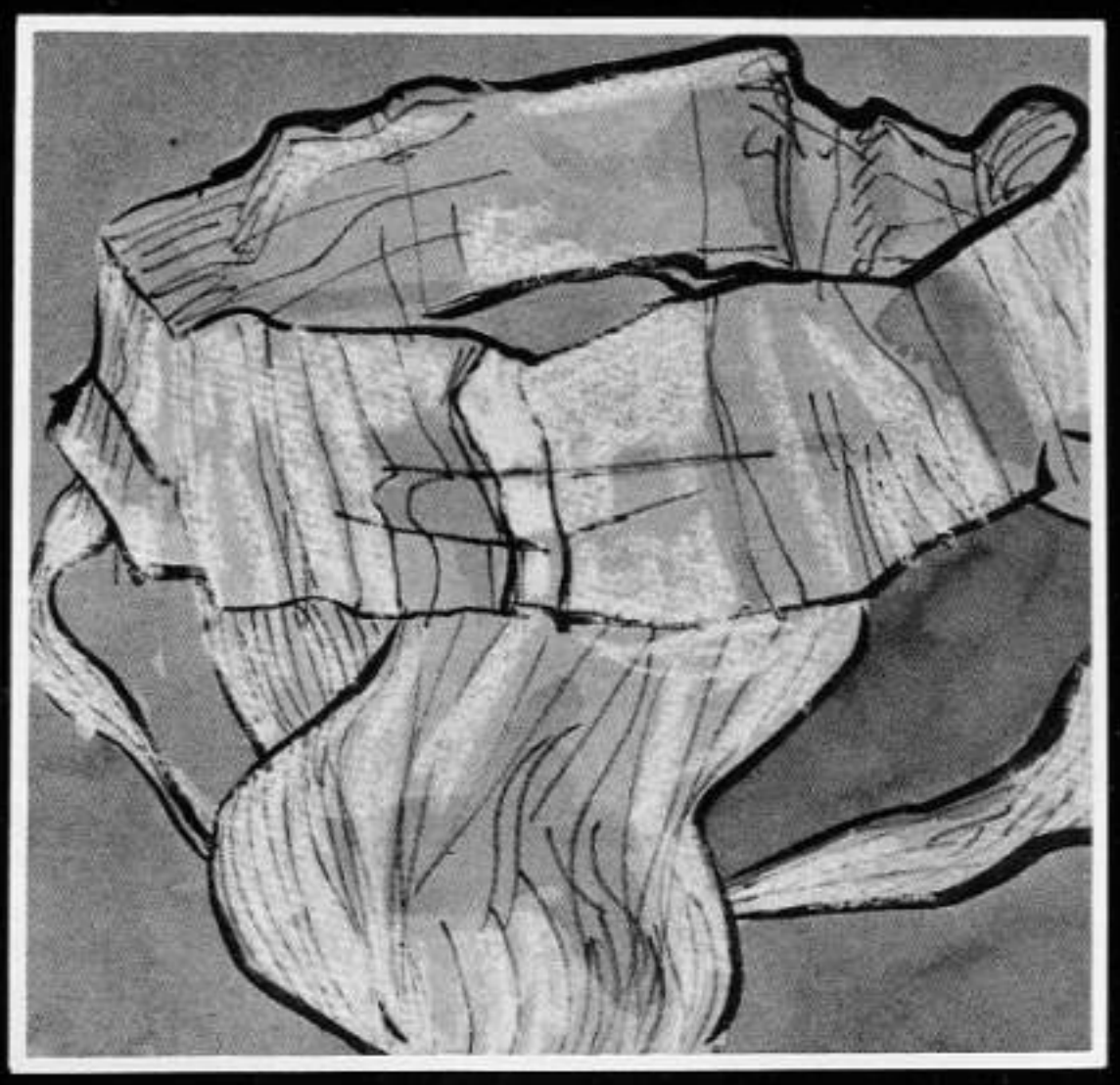


WORKOUT

By JOHN JACK BAYLIN





Some familiar signal, a quantum burst of energy had brought Brad up to the campus gym this evening. It was already late and the locker room was near deserted, except for a few straggling swimmers who were a little rowdy—horsing around with one another in clinging speedoes. The swimmers were a stunning if "surfer-typical" bunch; in a way the best-looking jocks on campus with their incomparably chiselled symmetry, their flat stomachs and abundant muscular asses.

Brad had been feeling restless. The feeling had not been exactly troublesome to him but restlessness was compatible with boredom, and whenever Brad felt distracted he knew he ought to work it out. An off-the-wall dedication to physical perfection had driven Brad to excel in any sport he went out for. In high school he had triumphed as a wrestler and broken records in track. Now in college he led in points in intercollegiate rugby and was known to spend long, dedicated hours pumping iron in the weight room.

Brad was young and blonde and beautiful. First of all he was a cute rich kid punk. Second, he was a "world's greatest athlete" type. He was an inquisitive, intelligent student . . . And he had a body that wouldn't quit.

Brad studied himself in the mirror at the end of the row of lockers. He stood there transfixed; he wasn't shy. He had always loved to lift weights; later he'd strip off his clothes in front of a mirror and turn full on to his reflection in the glass. He shed his street clothes: addidas and gym socks, a long-sleeved jersey, blue jeans and finally semi-baggy blue cotton drawers. Brad was naked now. He had just turned 20 a few weeks ago and blossomed into a full-grown man.

It felt reassuring to be in the locker room. He had spent all his young adult life in and out of locker rooms. He knew them well: the smells, the showers, the jubilation, victory, numbness, defeat. The other guys. He adored his body; he was damn proud of his equipment too. He had a thick, well-shaped cock. His shoulder length hair was blonde. and his other body hair was light but the hairy bush at the base of his cock was dark and curling. Brad reached for a jockstrap inside his locker. Still nude he shifted from foot to foot almost luxuriating in the free expression of his body language. He remembered when he had once volunteered to pose for the life drawing class in the art department. When they told him to strip he couldn't get enough of it. He ate up the admiring gazes of *everyone* there.

Brad started to experience a pleasant tightening in his balls. It was like a slight aching sensation but it felt GOOD. He could really feel a stirring in his balls, as if some volcanically sensual force from within him was begging for release. His cock trembeled, then suddenly began to arch. A half-crazy erotic thought darted through his mind as he momentarily considered pulling his meat and shooting right into the fucking locker! But he decided to put that feeling "on hold" for the time being and instead pulled on a clean but well-worn jock. Closing his locker he strode directly to the john. The tight elasticity of the jock pulling against his expanding crotch made Brad pick up the pace. He suddenly just had to shoot.

Safely inside the stall he pulled down the already bulging jock to his knees running his hands along muscular thighs. His cock and and balls emptied from the exploding pouch. He was soon at work stroking the man-size tool to get it hard. It was a real beauty and it shot up immediately as he squeezed it and watched it grow bigger and harder grasping it tightly in his large clenched fist. He worked on it, steadily pumping it to spill its precious juice. Shit it felt so good. Size was "no problem" for Brad; in high school, in post-workout shower sequences, his buddies never let him forget about that. And he didn't.

His fingers deftly worked their way to the fat cockhead. Brad was kneading the velvet tip of his gorgeous penis with an expertise acquired through much devoted practice. His supple young balls (which were considerable in size) swung back and forth crashing against the inside of his legs as he continued pmping his meat for all its worth. Then he let the rhythm break and his hand rested at the base of the penis; pausing for a moment to pull the skin back, his dick grew more taut and longer. This tantalizing interlude coaxed the horny young buck even closer to orgasm. But he held back a little. Sweat was trickling from his arm pits down to his slender hips.

He held back because he thought he heard something—possibly in the next stall; though it was indistinct. Automatically intrigued by the glamour of a little unpremediated voyeurism, Brad spontaneously and with excessive guile climbed onto the toilet and peered down into the adjoining stall. A sly and knowing grin came over his lips as he surveyed the scene beneath. A husky bearded swimmer whom Brad identified as a player on the water polo team was sitting on the can, stripped to the buff and working on himself! Curling dark hair covered the massive rock-hard slabs of the swimmer's chest; his lat muscles were enormous, shifting, heaving and flexing as the guy beat off. Unaware of his audience, the swimmer was brandishing his giant hard tool at full 100 perecent in his hand.

Brad had never confronted the possibility that he was drawn physically to other guys, but he knew he did get off on a hot bod. When he saw one, and the sight of this big jock jacking his horse dick down there in the stall, just as he himself had been doing, excited him and he continued to lewdly stroke his own mighty weapon. As the blood resurged into his cock he began to realize how incredibly aroused he was by this illicit scene.

Suddenly the swimmer's cock erupted in a torrent of sticky white hot fluid and he threw back his head, his whole body writhing in steady hard jerks, as each gush of juice shot up into the air and onto his flat, hairy belly. Brad slipped from view back into the horny confines of his own private world, where three or four more fast jerks were all required to make his own tool explode with prodigious spurts of love juice.

Stringy white jets of cum arced into the bowl—three, four, five, six shots and more! Brad was real proud of his big balls, tender sweet-smelling love sacs that produced some pretty heavy-duty loads. He continued to palm his erection making sure he had squeezed out the final drops of fluid; then he pulled his jock back up (it had fallen to his ankles) and quickly covered his crotch. He pushed the door open hard.

The swimmer was out now, still naked and almost posing in the corner by the urinal apparantly unashamed of his half-aroused nakedness. Ignoring him, Brad cooly walked out of the john back into the main part of the dressing room and over to his locker again. He got into his gym shorts. Brad C. Cameron was both a gifted and privileged young man; a good-natured kid who had thrived on all of life's luxuries. Raised in a wealthy if not opulent environment, he had experienced the numerous advantages of unlimited money and secure breeding. His parents and the other members of his family had watched his progress with even amounts of pride, bemusement and an attractive spirit of concerned aloofness which made their presence

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CHUCK ROY'S

SEX MACHINES

By JEREMY HUGHES

His burning desire to be somebody in the annals of theatrical history has taken him from 'The Electric Yo-Yo Boy' to a traveling flesh show.

Life lived on the fringes creates curious compensations. And if, like Charles Roy Giannotti ("Chuck Roy"), you have a burning desire to *be* somebody in the annals of theatrical history, then endless years as a stage manager, cashier, go-go boy, flesh peddler, dresser, projectionist, skin actor, designer, janitor, whatever, are bound to create the grandest compensations of all.

Talking volubly, even compulsively, in a recent interview about "Sex Machines," his most ambitious attempt as yet to leave a lasting footprint on the shifting sands of time, Roy harked back incessantly to the frustrations of his own roller coaster life, a narration punctuated with the smiles, sighs, laughs, tears, whimsies and whimperings inherent to Italian volatility.

His career began inauspiciously at St. Peter's, a parochial grammar school in his native San Francisco. "I was a minuet dancer in a George Washington's Birthday pageant, with powdered wig and satin breeches. I took my place with my little blond partner. It was time for the great debut. The music started. Then, the very minute the curtain opened to reveal the spectacle, I peed in my pants."

That temporary set back was not only inauspicious but also prophetic. The bitch goddess of success has toyed capriciously with Chuck Roy, driving him on at least two occasions to a quasi-serious contemplation of suicide. "Once I was about ready to go into the john and say 'this is it, kid, slit the wrists!' And another time I actually did go into the john and said 'kid, you're going to cut your wrists one of these days!' "

The convoluted pathway to that traumatic john began in S.F., his birthplace (he is steadfastly coy about the year) to parents from "humble beginnings" who had become "well-to-do" as the result of a string of pre-Safeway grocery markets, and "famous" for a roadhouse in Hacienda known as "Mae and Charlie's."

Aside from the brief mention of those early parochial schools, and studying acting and directing at San Francisco State, he prefers to consider "Square One" his appearance in the mid-'60s as a nude go-go dancer billed as "The Electric Yo-Yo Boy." It seems that while "working wardrobe" with a Giselle Mackenzie production of "Gypsy," he had been inordinately influenced by that musical's show-stopping "You Gotta Have a Gimmick."

"Sally Rand had her feathers," he says, "and I had my electric yo-yo's. It was the first official live performers of its kind!" (One learns, after several long conversations with Roy, that he takes a Pat Rocco-like satisfaction from being "the first" on virtually any given instance.)

Several years of ricocheting around S.F. as a "working actor-director- stage manager" at the Curran, Geary, Contemporary Theatre, On-Broadway Theatre, he came down to L.A. in 1967. "I wanted to *do* something, and I knew I didn't have a pretty face — strong, rather — but I was blessed with a good physique. So, I answered an ad that Dick Fontaine, the creative impulse and executive producer behind Zenith Films, ran in the gay press looking for actors to do a 'physique movie involving nudity.'

"It was unheard of in those days for people with my kind of background to go into this kind of thing, but I was desperate! I mean, I was starving! I even made the attempt, once and only once, at hustling — at The Corner Pocket. 'I gotta eat!' But I couldn't go through with *that*. But it gave me another insight into myself. All the things that went through my mind — well, I know now what the kids are thinking when they come to audition for me!"

The meeting with Fontaine resulted in the film *The Chocolate-Covered Crotch*. Roy calls it his "debut," and recalls that "the outlets for these films was just opening then. I think *Chocolate-Covered Crotch* was designed originally for the mail-order market, but Dick Fontaine wanted to do 'Hollywood' films. That caught my ear and mind right off the bat.

"His movies were softcore, in black and white, with a storyline and synchronized sound, shot and released in 16mm. The big gimmick for that market was that there *was* sound — synched dialog. Not very much, but there was some. It was a breakthrough!"

Dream Boy Magazine was another of Roy's "side trips" at this period of time. It was a Fontaine production again (a "Lance Publication, Ltd."), and two names appeared in it: "Charles Giannotti" and "Chuck Roy." "I was writer, helped with the layout, and of course appeared as the centerfold," he says. The first issue was also the last.

Meanwhile, he had played the burglar in *Night Intruder*, another Zenith Film "for the homosexual underground cinema." "We went to the theatres with film and the boxes of magazines and I'd appear onstage and also sign autographs in the lobby. All involving nudity. That was the start," he explains, gesturing flamboyantly, the big silver ring on his left ring finger flashing.

Positively still foremost, he bought a half-page in Hollywood's *Daily Variety*, headlined "WHY NOT WARNER'S, METRO OR FOX? BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T ASK ME. ZENITH FILMS DID! WHO WILL PLEASE GIVE AN HONEST ACTOR A LEGITIMATE CHANCE?" Then, in heavy block letters "C H U C K R O Y, currently starring in 'NIGHT INTRUDER' and 'THE BIG MOVE'," and, at the bottom, in somewhat smaller type, "seeking representation," with *two* telephone numbers.

Returning to his "firsts," Roy cautions "Don't forget *Happy Birthday Davey*, the first gay true love story, or *Earth Child . . . Naked to the World, the* first film in the gay genre that had a climax. C.F.I. processed this film. I sat in the C.FI. studio with a Board of Directors and they said 'either that scene is cut or your film will not be released.' We cut the scene. End of story. But it is still on the master reel, and it is still in a storage vault, and it is under my name, and I hope that that's what I will be remembered for whenever an historian goes back to look at it . . ."

Duane Carter

A cum shot for history? The question, though unvoiced, does hang in the air. He lights up a cigarette and checks a bleak-faced digital watch. Time to adopt the harassed manner of a big-time entrepeneur. This story, after all, is supposed to be about "Sex Machines," his current assault on immortality. Best avoid the fact that he is basically too kind and considerate to conform to the pressing of a mogul mold.

"Well, to go back to my Electric Yo-Yo days, I met some people who were interested in the live/film aspect, and that's what I 've been pursuing ever since." He runs long fingers through dark hair cut above his high forehead in the manner of an "Our Sunday Visitor" Christ. "The first show I produced on my own was in General Partnership" — the highfalutin' phrase rolls from his tongue like some magic incantation — 'in 'General Partnership with Bayvon W. Mann. A Roy-Mann production! I called it 'Boylesk.'

"It started as a dream between a college friend of mine and 'Bill,' who

"I wanted to do something, and I knew I didn't have a pretty face — strong rather — but I was blessed with a good physique."

was my lover. They both had been through the film trip with me, and I had gotten to the point, you know, of 'what do we do next, kid?' It was sorta Mickey Rooney saying 'Hey, kids, let's put on a show!' So we put on the first "Boylesk' in a garage.

"Yes, it was a real, everyday, ordinary two-car garage at 445 N. Albert St., in West Hollywood, between Gino's and Cabaret. Oil stains in it and everything. No siding on the inside. Nothing. A post down the middle. So, Billy and I proceeded to invest our money, and time, and *money*. No backers. Our own money. It's always been that way. And one of these days," he turns wistful, "it's going to come back. Shortly. You see, I was working so frantically to put it together because I wanted to do a trip in the *theatre*."

His source of income was from his "endeavors" at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, where off and on over 10 years he has handled "personal wardrobe" for the likes of Richard Chamberlain ("Cyrano de Bergerac"), George Grizzard ("California Suite"), Sammy Williams ("A Chorus Line"), Jerry Dodge ("Mack and Mabel"), as well as Tammy Grimes, Jack Weston, etc.

"The go-go bars were going strong and 'Chuck' didn't have a chance because they had the backing and I didn't. So we did the garage trip looking for backers interested in my idea. Now, you have to remember that we were five or six kiddies, working in a garage, doing a show which was a satirical show with nudity — a book comedy show — sort of a 'Thurber Carnival' with go-go interspersed, if that makes any sense. Original material and some not-so-original material 'confiscated' from other sources. I got the cast together from various sources, too — it came from theatrical people, it came from kids that were desperate like myself and who would try anything. Lady luck! Whoever I could con into it. Friends, mostly.

"We did our 'private parties' for two weeks, and nobody bought the idea. It was really a completely-staged backers audition, with home-made costumes with plastic fruit. But no takers. That's when I first thought of going into the john with the razor blade. Finally, Coronet Theatre bought the idea and we moved into the Coronet, opening on Dec. 1, 1972, with 'Big Mama and Her Boys' in 'Boylesk-West.' We opened with tin cans — what else can I say? — and the first review says something to the effect that — well, the word was 'tacky.' I was crushed.

"So I went back and put more money into it and open two weeks later, starring Jim Cassidy, and managed to get rid of some of the tin cans. And there was a marvelous re-review saying that we had made some progress and it looked like we might have someplace to go with the product. Then the Coronet closed and went to an all-female burlesque situation, on the very runway that I had invested in. End of Chapter One."

Again needing "gainful employment," Roy went to work at the Paris Theatre as a "cashier-projectionist-janitor. You name it, I did it." There he approached the powers-that-were with the idea of doing a "Boylesk" production in their Penthouse, and got an O.K., providing he invest his own money. "We took saws and hammered and built the stage in the Penthouse. I supplied the sound system, the costumes, the sets, the lights, the sweat, as did my friends. God bless 'em all!"

The show, called "Leather and Levi Guys," opened on Aug. 23, 1974, with "a marvelous cast, marvelous 'Roy Boys,' who have now gone on to do things on national television, and God bless them all! No, in all fairness to them, I can't name names. You can go back and find out the stage names, but they weren't the real names. Anyhow, we ran weekends only, two shows Friday, two Saturday, and three Sunday, or something like that, on a split bill, live shows upstairs in the Penthouse and movies downstairs. We ran two weekends. Closed. After doing sell-out business, I took a loss. Why did it close? I have no idea. I have an idea but I have no idea. It was not *my* decision!"

His lover, Bill, having "given up," Chuck went home to the big and empty house on N. Alfred St.. "and it was very lonely. With Bill, it had been the parting of the ways when careers conflict." That was when he confronted himself in the john for a second time. "No income. No show. No job. Bills to be paid. No unemployment benefits because I had left 'Mack and Mabel' to go into business for myself and produce a show. I cried a lot, because all the material possessions I had managed to accumulate throughout my career had to be sold to pay the bills.

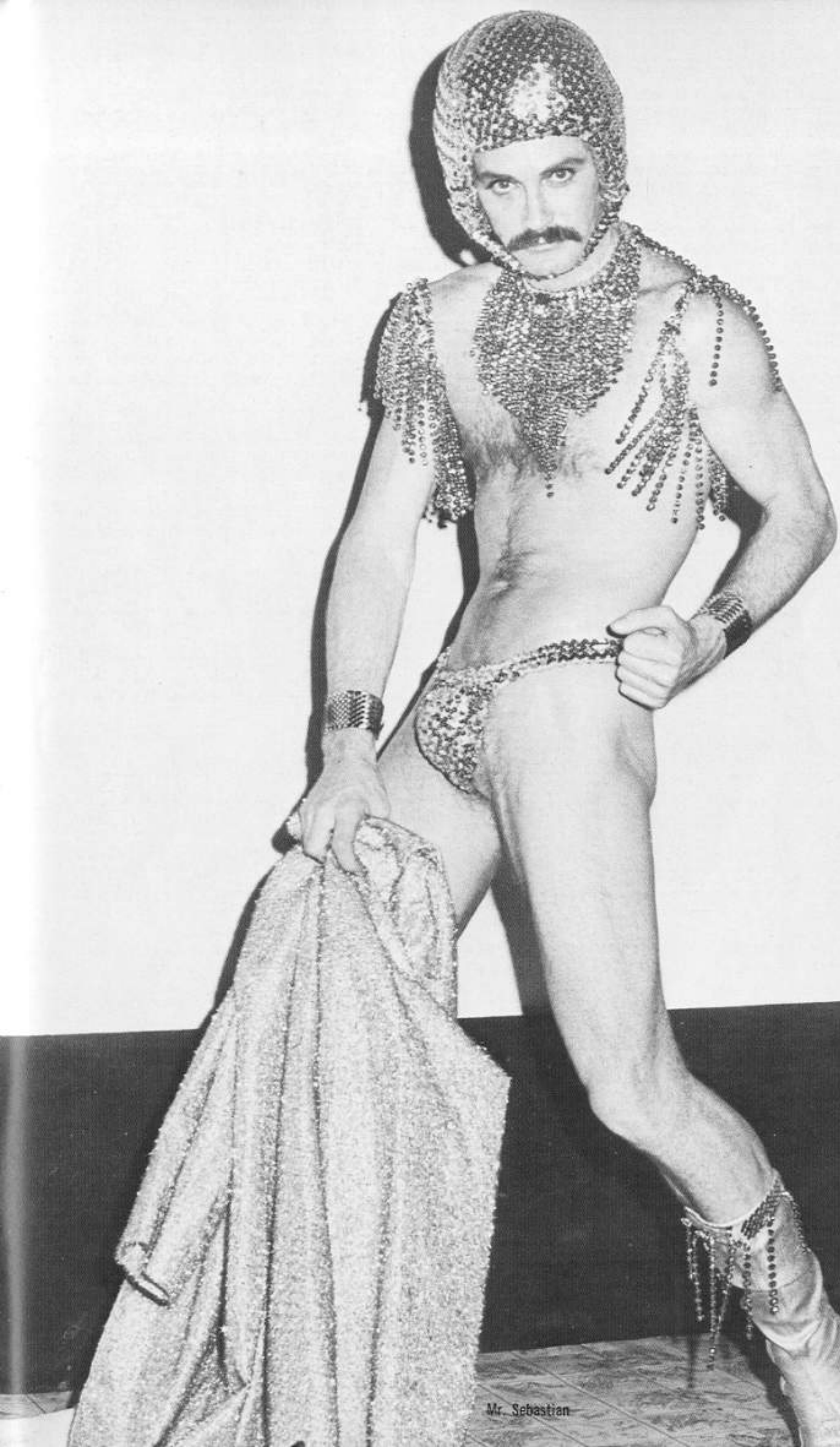
"So, down to nothing again. Then,

"I feel that if he can do it in front of three people, he can do it in front of 300 people."

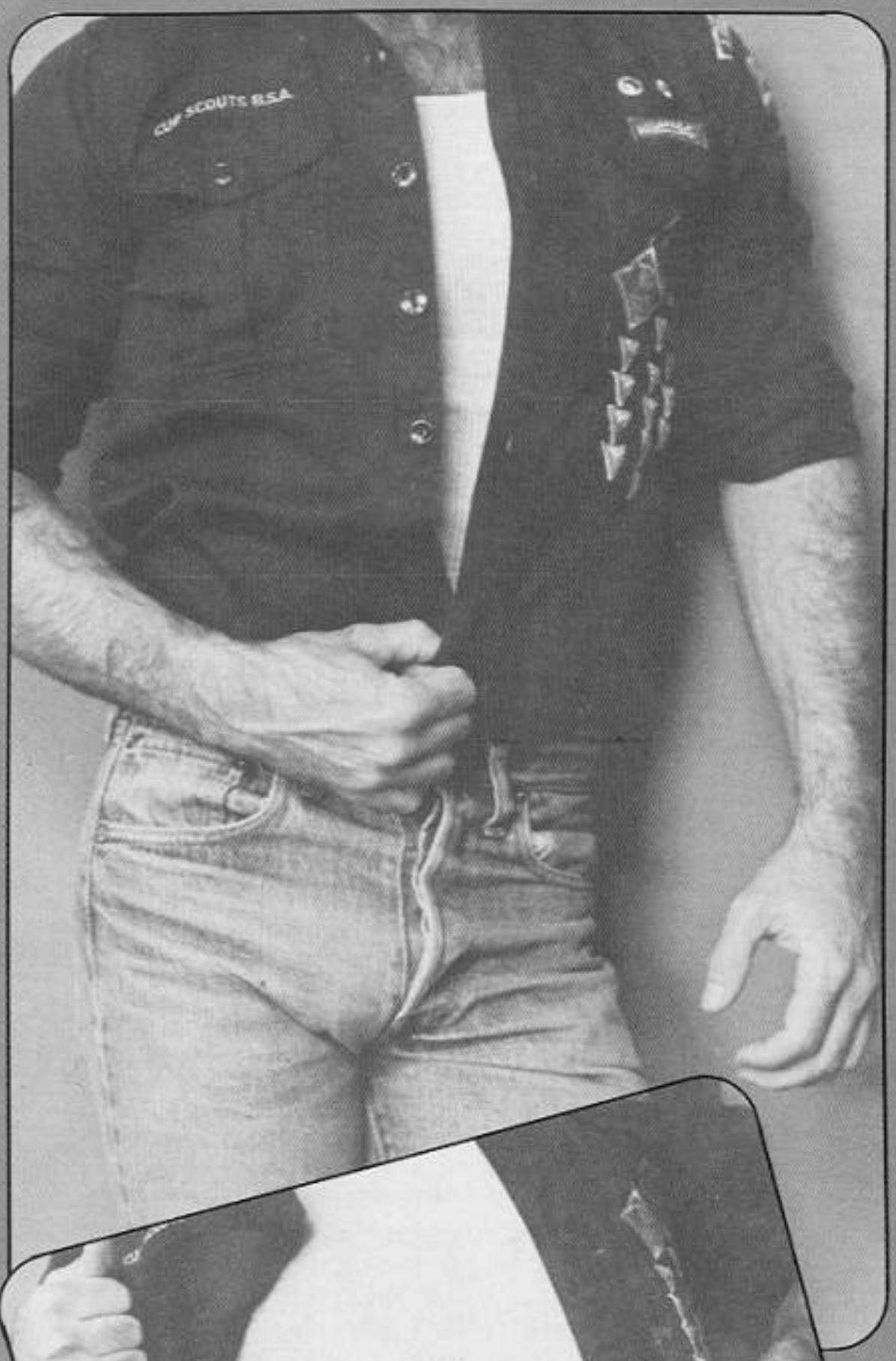
as if by magic, and the grace of God, a very important lady, a lady whom I owe everything to, Miss Chelly Wilson of Variety Films, Inc., called from New York and said 'When can you come to New York?' So I said 'two weeks.' After all, I had been reduced to a nomad, to a gypsy, which I am proud of at this point. I had just had to move into a small apartment, ready to start all over again. After a hassle with management, I got my $500 deposit back, and shipped all the equipment I had left to the Eros I Theatre in New York.

"Landed in New York myself, lived in some of the most godawful places in existence, stayed with friends, because I did not go on salary until 'Boylesk-East' opened, and I was there two months ahead for reheasals and to get it ready." That production premiered on Oct. 14, 1974, at the Eros I Theatre on 8th Avenue between 45th and 46th. Roy immediately plunged into preparations for what was to become the "Burly-Tool Revue" that replaced "Boylesk-East" on Feb. 10, 1975. "And that was my farewell to New

(continued on page 54)



Mr. Sebastian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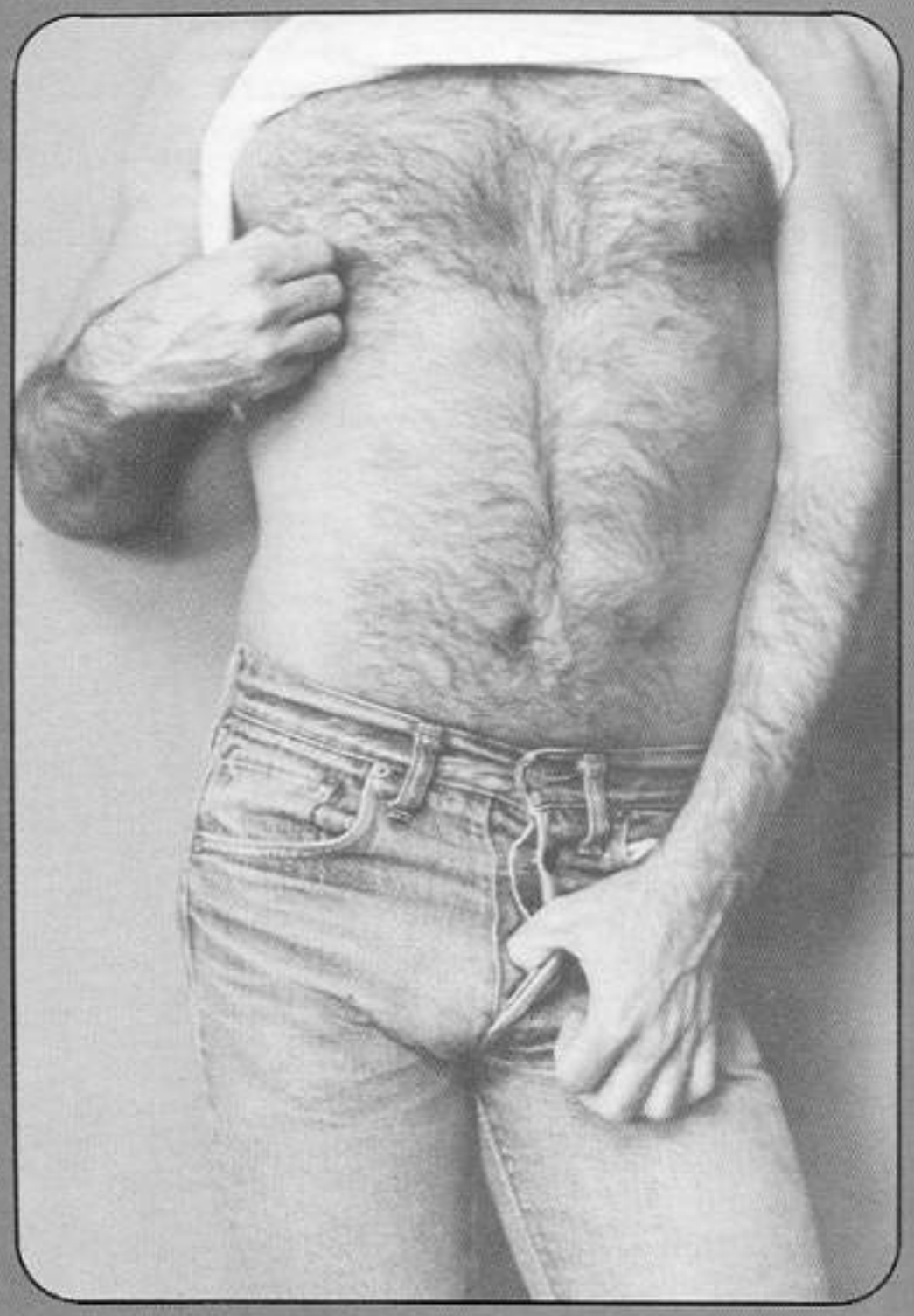


SPLIT

Photography by RICHARD SULLIVAN

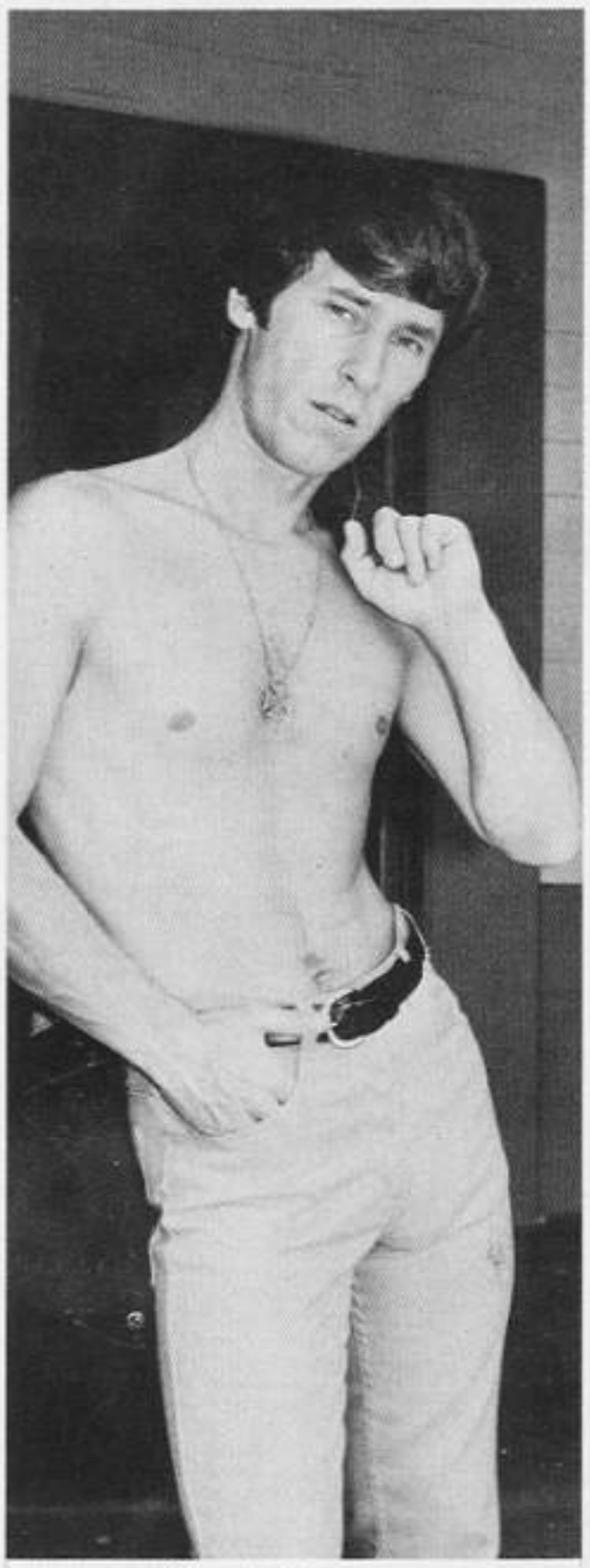
SEX MACHINES

(continued from page 51)

York," he sighs. "I gave it the best possible effort I could."

We have, at long last, reached the heart of the interview. What, one is almost hesitant to ask, is "Sex Machines"? "It is a one-act play, with dance, with story, with drama, with morality. It is my statement of what it's all about."

Dandy. But just what *is* "Sex Machines"? He explains: " 'Hard Hat' is 'Sex Machines.' 'Sex Machines' is 'Hard Hat.' It was originally written around Jack Wrangler, and he was scheduled to star in it, but I had no place to go at the time. That was back in the summer of '75, before Vista bought the idea. But Douglas Dean, Dean Goodman, whatever he calls himself, snapped Jack up for an engagement in San Francisco after I had advertised that he was gonna appear in it and it was, like, the name was not on the contract and it should have been.



Chuck Roy

"In Jack's case I'm glad he went to San Francisco because it opened up some other doors for him. But now 'Sex Machines' will be starring *'Mister* Jack Wrangler.' He is definitely negotiated and signed for 'Sex Machines.' The other parts are open. We are holding interviews right now for talent."

So this is IT. Fantasy-time. Compensation-time. Exactly how does one go about "interviewing" a bunch of young men to apear in "a nude entertainment for male-oriented audience"? "Well," Roy says, "you expect to meet three people when you walk in, myself and my associates. I will tell you at the beginning of the interview that if you are interested in appearing in a performance situation or magazine situation, that I *must* see your body before the interview is over. And this is done in front of three people. I feel that if he can do it in front of three people, he can do it in front of 300 people.

"J. Brian and I work the same way, except that I personally feel more comfortable having people there with me than doing it on a one-to-one basis. I think it makes the model feel more at ease, more than anything, to know the situation is controlled. No casting couch. Now, I do frequently take people that I like on a one-to-one relationship to dinner, you know. My God, we're human beings! We're human beings *first!"*

And what is he looking for at these interviews? "Face, body, personality, background. I advertise in the gay press to find them, and generally keep the media informed of my activties, and keep my eye out on the people who are coming up in the general field. But, if I see somebody in a supermarket and I say 'Wow!', I present 'em with a business card and hopefully they call. But I never use Selma or any of those other places. Never! I got too close to that in my earlier experience at The Corner Pocket, and it turned my stomach!"

Now, finally, when is this all going to happen? He fidgets. "When? As soon as the kids can get it together. I'm looking forward to — whenever."

He has to leave, to do some interviewing. Promising complete cooperation in supplying pictures to go with the story, he passes through the door with chin held high, trailing his compensations behind him as if they were an ermine-trimmed train.

"WORKOUT"

(continued from page 45)

neither burdensome nor overprotective.

Being rich, cute and well coordinated had fortified Brad but in some indecipherable way held him back as well. So far he believed that he had done "almost everything" and was now perhaps jaded enough to acquire a taste for certain things out of the ordinary. His inclinations did not run over into the strictly bizarre yet he did exercise a promising curiosity about suliminal if not hidden thrills.

His athletic prowess (a well-conceived coverup for unsurfaced erotic strains in his personality) made others accept him at face value. He subscribed to that competitive nature of sports although his enthusiasm for the normal team-spirit camaraderie shared among the other boys lagged. He was attractively self-centred and incorrigibly popular. The transition from high school junior jock to stud-about-campus had been an easy one. Brad was both amused and apathetic toward his following. He could turn heads in a flash, but mostly kept to himself. He stood a head above the mob, yet alone with it.

But it was now time to work out. It was time to render his already superb physique even more sensational. He wanted to build his arms and widen his lats. There were a few other guys going through their paces in the weight room in spite of the lateness of the hour. Brad took them in off-handedly as he entered and set to work immediately on his own well rehearsed program.

Fifteen minutes of warmup exercises loosened the joints and got the blood flowing. The sex fantasies which always preoccupied him were put into reserve now as tensions gave way to sweaty fulfillment.

He followed through with five fast perfectly executed sets of curls. His biceps bulged with renewed definition. Pressing 180 for starters, a fine layer of perspiration began to cover the shapely mounds of his breasts; a skintight glossiness shone luminously from every muscular curve and across all the satiny surface of his body. It appeared as if his skin had been artfully stretched onto his frame: his muscle tone was that good. Two of the most voluptuously hard and tactile nipples punctuated the almost embarrassing perfection of his chest. Adjusting the weights to 220 he went through several more sets of presses; his crotch moved up

and down, up and down, involuntarily choreographed with each push. He could feel the hypnotic tensing in his loins again. His fingers brushed lightly against his cock and balls. Those beautiful breasts increased their bulk and definition under each strain of added weight and repetition Four sets of 50 situps tightened his stomach, a series of overlapping layers of hard muscle, divided by a thick line of blonde hairs which traced a valley-like ridge reaching from the crease of his tits down to his navel and then fanning out on his belly to meet the bush of stiff darker hairs on his crotch. Brad adjusted the weight of the Universal to 80 pounds and did several consecutive sets of carefully articulated tricep exercises which pumped up the back of the upper arm. As he pulled the lat bar down from above his head to across the top of his powerful shoulders, every sinewy inch of the muscle groups in the broad expanse of his back stretched and flexed as a

stunning visual symphony, an intricate interplay of hundreds of connecting joints, tendons and tissues. His form was now a perfect "V", ample shoulders tapering to a resolutely slender waist.

Totally immersed in his workout for more than an hour, Brad had not noticed another young man in the room, a sporty little stud who paced himself strenuously but who apparantly couldn't help from keeping at least one eye on Brad. Then as if prearranged, for an identical self-recognizing, mutual giving moment, the two athletes capitulated: their eyes met and hey exchanged glances.

Swelling chess heaved and sighed in unison, the exquisite reward of their intense, continued activity. Near exhausted, but magically revived, Brad stepped out of the weight room and headed across the outdoor colonnade to the adjoining sauna.

(Part 2 of "Workout" follows in the next issue of IN HEAT*).*

BALLS

continued from page 39

show that, indeed his left ball hung lower than his right, both balls seemed to roll to the bottom of his elongated sac.

Simple, I all-knowingly exclaimed. When the balls exit the abdominal cavity early in fetal life, they are directed to the waiting scrotum by the spermatic cords. The journey of the left ball is farther than that of the right, and the left spermatic cord, which contains veins, arteries and nerves destined for the testes, is, therefore, longer from its attempt to keep track of the fleeing tiny gonad.

Is there a way, short of asking, to find out of the guy you are cruising has big balls?

No. There are anatomical indicators of cock size — a large nose and long fingers, particularly the middle or "goosing" finger — that have proven accurate in most instances, but I have had limited gonadal success a theory I am studying by utilizing opposites. A small nose plus stubby fingers, for instance, often indicate (but not always) hefty balls. I rely on intuition. Men with big balls exude a big-ball aura.

What determines the size of the scrotum?

Temperature. When they're hanging low, it's hot. Age and health also make them swing, although I have felt the gonadal banging of many a bullnutted 18-year-old with low-hangers against willing and receptive buns. When the weather is cold, the balls hug the body for its warmth. This elevator action keeps the tempermental sperm alive and healthy.

The rain had paused and my fellow gonadophiles dressed and prepared to leave. But not until the guy we called "Taint" (a name for the nothingness that exists between the balls and the anus because "it 'taint ball and it 'taint ass," recited a limerick — with the help of crib notes—he said he learned at work). Taint, incidentally, possesed an extremely large prick which matched the rest of his overall hugeness. He seemed continuously drunk or he had a low I.Q. 'cause he was given to vacant stares and stuttering. He climaxed by smelling old shoes. "A poem from Taint," he said.

"There was a young fellow from Leeds
Who swallowed a package of seeds.
Green tufts of grass
Sprouted out of his ass
And his balls were all covered with weeds."

Everyone laughed; but telling one limerick leads to another.

"There was a young man from Devizes,
Whose balls were of different sizes:
One ball was small,
Almost no ball at all —
But the other was large and won prizes."

This limerick recital had to stop and I stopped it.

"In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
And loud was his mirth
For on all of the earth
There were only two balls — and he had 'em."

COCK PAINTING

Photography by J.W.

Dear *IN HEAT*,

Last week I was frustrated as hell, getting a painting ready for an erotic art show. My canvas refused to be filled, day after day, until I decided to give in and really put my "self" into it! My cock stiffened as I stripped off my clothes and poured cool creamy colors over my tool. Spreading my legs, I nearly came each time my cock slid over the rough surface. By the time the work was done, I felt like I had just finished making love. My photographer buddy J.W. shot the enclosed pictures of me in the throes of creativity . . .

LIZARD
(continued from page 42)

Dick Of Death

SKLAR: For me, or the world? Well, I guess it's back to romance. Gawd we (the world and I have been thru so much). S&M is so commercial now; I mean it's in all the store windows. I'm getting older, mellower. You know I've now become a senior member of the pop culture . . . I'm slightly over my '30s.

INITIATION

"All right, little freshman! First phase of initiation: you gotta try to knock that bastard Tony off the ox's shoulders." Because of Bill's massive frame, Tony loomed a good foot over me. He grinned evilly, his intimidating pole pointing towards me like a lance. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed two other team members 69ing on the deck, moaning passionately, their erect cocks ramming deep into each other's throats while they slid around on the wet tile.

Bill lunged and Tony grabbed me by the back of the neck, forcing my head down with one hand while giving me a quick kidney chop with the other. A sharp gasp and another plunge. It was all over and I was again at the bottom of the pool. Instead of letting me come up for air, Bill reached down, grabbed me by the hair, and forced my mouth open over his hard, thick dick. I choked and gagged. My mouth was stretched so wide from the size of his weapon that I thought my jaw would break.

"Jesus Christ, I'm drowning!"

Finally, I was pulled out of the water, sputtering, my mouth full of chlorine and cum. I could hear David yelling "Don't kill him, you idiots! This is an initiation, not an execution!" Eric and Tony laid me out like a dying fish on the deck, with my head under the bleachers where David was sitting, his monstrous dick still towering from his open Levis, stroking it absently.

The two studs who'd been so violently sucking each other now stood over me, beating off, while Eric sat on my chest facing me and stuck his cock in my mouth. "Eat it, baby! Suck that fuckin' cock! That's it! Eat me up, man!"

David shouted another command: "O.K., big Bill — you've had your jollies. Now get your mouth down on Jack's cock!" There was no question about who was in charge here. Bill went right down one me. This stud was really an expert cocksucker; pretty soon I thought I was going to turn inside out. David grabbed the Brylcreem and tossed it to Tony.

"Go ahead and fuck him, Tony! Take this greasy kid stuff and shove that big prick up his ass!"

"You don't have to tell me twice, man!"

Tony squirted the white stuff all over his rock-hard dick, smeared

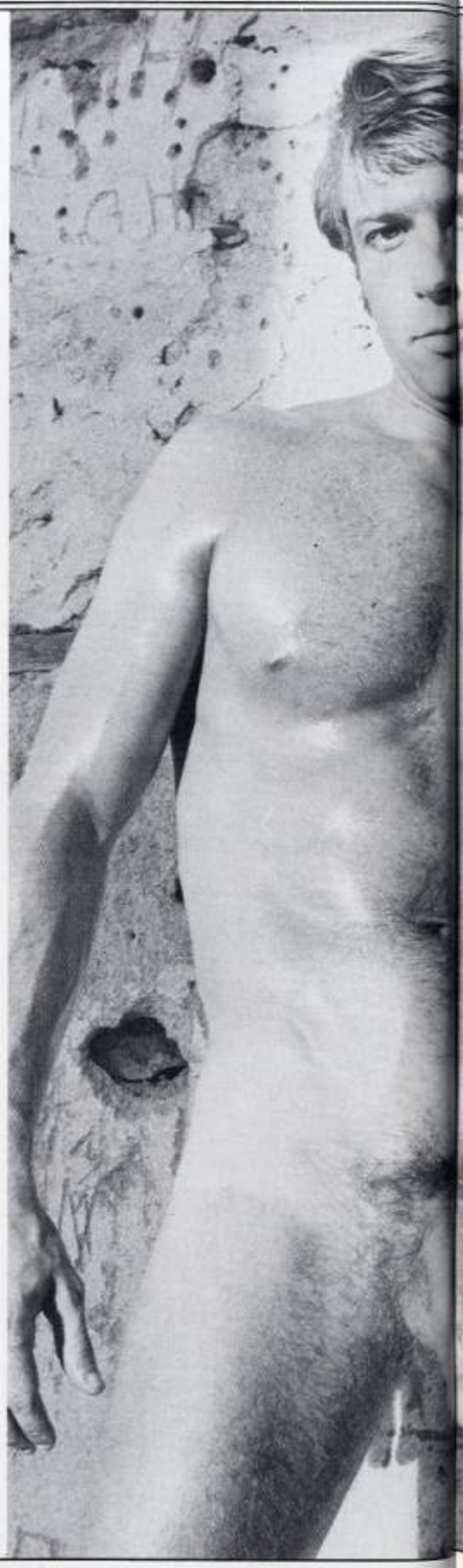


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Photo by Hy Chase

some on my ass and plunged in, forcing my mouth on Eric's cock all the way down to his hairy balls.

"Ride him, motherfucker! Shove it in hard! Move, man! Let 'er rip!"

Everybody was going at it hot and heavy by now. One of the guys who had been beating his meat over me suddenly let go with a jet stream of piss which landed all over my chest and Eric's back, catching Bill right in the face as he pulled his mouth off my tortured cock.

"Hey, what the fuck?"

"Don't stop, cocksucker!" yelled David. "Get back down on that he-man dick!"

Bill went down on me again, and, oh shit, was I ever gonna cum! Looking up, I could see David's cock over my face as he sat on the bleachers. He was beating faster, now, and as his face contorted I could tell he was about ready to shoot a big hot load all over me.

"You jocks better get ready, 'cause I'm about to let it fly! Beat that meat! Suck those fuckin' dicks! Fuck the shit outta that butch freshman stud!" Our sweat-and-water-soaked bods slapped the deck as we began to drive it home for a gigantic climax.

"Go, you motherfuckers! Shoot it! SHOOT IT!! Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Then, with everybody yelling, the dams burst and floods of gushing cum shot all over me, up my ass, in my mouth, smearing my face and chest. And suddenly *I* erupted with a scream into Bill's mouth, over and over again, until my jism drooled down his chin.

We collapsed in a heap on the floor, all except David, who, smiling, tucked his dick back into his Levis, climbed off the bleachers, and pulled my tired, naked body up off the floor.

"Well, my butch little frosh, welcome to the Varsity swimming team!" I stood trembling, cum dripping from my body. "Tell me, sport, how did you like the initiation?"

I finally caught my breath and looked at the limp bodies scattered all around me, then back at David.

"Gee, I don't know, buddy, but it sure beats hell out of swallowing goldfish!"

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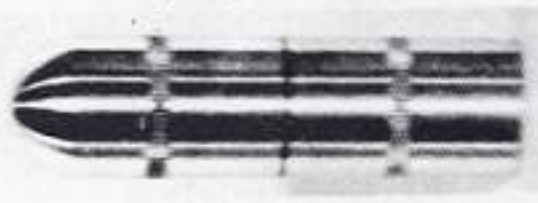

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